

King Richard II.

A

TRAGEDY.

Shakespeare's R
Alter'd from Shakespear,

AND THE

STILE Imitated.

The additional Lines are marked thus (')

By JAMES GOODHALL.



MANCHESTER

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King Richard II.

T. R. A. G. D. Y.

Alfred Northampton



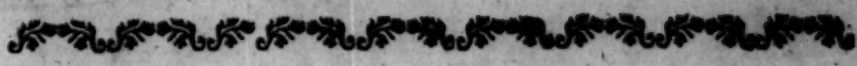
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Dramatis Personæ.

King Richard.
Duke of York.
Bolingbroke.
Aumerle.
Northumberland.
Salisbury.
Fitzwater.
Percy.
Bishop of Carlisle.
Abbot of Westminster.
Scroop.
Bushy.
Green.
Exton.

Queen.
Dutchess of York.
Emilia.
Ladies Attendants.

Soldiers, Attendants, &c. &c.



Persons

Persons

Persons

Persons

Persons

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Persons

Persons



T H E
P R E F A C E.

BEING a Stranger to the World of Letters, it may be necessary to inform the Publick, that this Alteration of RICHARD was intended for the Stage. It was given into the Hands of Mr. GARRICK, by a particular Friend, who received for Answer at the return of the Book, that Mr. GARRICK would play it as it was in the Original.—Now as I was conscious to myself, the Play of RICHARD THE SECOND has so many necessary Alterations to be made, before it could possibly be even in the least Theatrical; I looked upon the return of the Play as a mere Excuse—though he was pleased at the same Time to say, the Author of the Alteration had certainly great Literary Merit—If so, why was it not accepted, if otherwise, why was not the real Reason of that Refusal given?—“That infinite Engagements,” that a dislike to the Alteration, was the absolute Cause—I remember two Lines of Mr. GARRICK’s, wherein he says,

—————It is my Plan,
To lose no Drop of this immortal Man.

Certainly RICHARD THE SECOND has sentimental

timental Language and Beauty, equal to the first Pieces of that immortal Poet—though it is, without a necessary Alteration for the Stage, defective in many Particulars, greatly incorrect, and abounding with indifferent Puns, put into more indifferent Verse.—Though at the same Time the striking Beauties of the Piece, bury the less glaring Faults in their particular Lustre.—Mr. GARRICK also said—he was so fond of SHAKESPEAR, he could not think of receiving any Alteration—when it is well known to the World, most of SHAKESPEAR's, I may say all, have been either curtailed, or altered for the present Taste—Richard the Third, greatly for the better; Romeo, and Cymbeline, better adapted to the Stage—Not that I can approve of the Midsummer Night's Dream being turned into an Opera—a kind of Poetry very foreign to the Taste of SHAKESPEAR—or that the Winter's Tale received any additional Beauty from a Song—or by making a Ballad-singing Pedlar the first Character in the Piece—By metamorphosing it into a Farce, or in other Language, a Comedy of three Acts—I fear a Drop or two must be spilt by the Way—Be that as it will, every Man has a Right to judge for himself.

The following Play is now offered to the Publick, and it gives me the greatest Pleasure to think the sensible Part of the World can judge from the reading of it in the Closet—as well as from the acting of it on the Stage—though the latter would have been perhaps more beneficial to the Adventurer.

Being

Being refused at Drury-Lane—I never offered it at the other House—though I was assured from several of Mr. COLMAN's Friends, of his candid Disposition to encourage the least dawn of Merit—my distance from London would not permit me.

I left out the Scene of the King's Death in Pomfret Castle, as an Incident too shocking for a refined Age to see, when a Recital of it answered the same End.

It is disputed if he died at Pomfret or the Tower—but as the Tower was every way more agreeable to Time, Place, and the Circumstances of the Plot—I hope I shall be excused the greatest Liberty I have taken with the Piece. I have only to add—I should not have obtruded the Play upon the World, except I had been honoured with the Approbation of the best Judges in private, of the same favourable Opinion I am in hopes it might have received from the humane Judges in publick.

It is not the less worthy of the Stage, for not having been recommended to it by an illustrious Patron.—The Part of RICHARD, would add lustre to the Abilities of the best Player—and certainly so great, so noble a remain of SHAKESPEAR, must engage the Attention of the most refined Audience.

King

9-10-11

King RICHARD II.

A TRAGEDY.

ACT the first, SCENE the first.

King, Queen, Bushy, Green, Gentlemen and Ladies.

King RICHARD.

‘ **N**OW by the native Greatness of my Soul !
‘ And by the Honour of my buried Ancestors,
‘ (Who knew no Wrong, but what the Sword’s keen Point
‘ Could well avenge) this Insolence alarms
‘ My rage-fired Soul, and every Pulse beats War;
‘ To think the high Thoughts of proud Arrogance
‘ Should glow in Irish Breasts, and boldly wake
‘ The Rage of civil War, with hostile Stride
‘ To measure out their Land in bloody Steps,
‘ And drive ’em with the Sword of Vengeance on,
‘ Whilst Traitor’s Blood bepaints the crimson’d Steel,
‘ And black Rebellion sickens on the Point.

Queen. ‘ Let not my Richard’s Crown be like the Wealth
‘ Which binds Security’s empopied Brow,
‘ Who never starts, ’till Danger shakes her Throne.
‘ ’Tis best (forgive me, my respected Lord)
‘ To court the Smile of gently dawning Hope,
‘ With such Respect as suits mere Man to woo her,
‘ Dependant he on Fate’s strange Sovereignty,
‘ That oft’ has levell’d the World’s mighty Rulers,
‘ And taught the purpl’d Prince he was but Man.

K. Rich. ‘ My Isabella speaks the Voice of Love
‘ Forgetful of the Thoughts of Majesty:
‘ Fear never should assault a royal Breast.
‘ Thus when the bellowing Winds with savage Rage
‘ Do seem to mock the rending Thunder’s Voice,
‘ Loud as the dread Artillery of Heaven !
‘ The humble Shrubs, and slender Trees may bend
‘ And seem to court ’em with ignoble Worship;
‘ But the firm kingly Oak remains unmov’d,

B

‘ In

2 KING RICHARD II.

‘ In haughty Triumph waves his branchy Honours,
‘ And views the howling Tempest with Disdain.

Queen. ‘ Such ever be the Strength of my sweet Lord;
‘ But yet, Distrust is sometimes necessary:
‘ Tho’ that strong Oak disdains the Rage of Winds,
‘ The Lightning shivers it’s distorted Bark;
‘ Forgive me Sir; but ’tis my Love that speaks.

K. Rich. ‘ No more my Isabella, Heaven itself,
‘ And waking Angels guard the Lives of Kings.
‘ But see, Aumerle, our Cousin comes this Way.
‘ ’Tis well; I want to chide him for his Coldness
‘ And long Neglect since Bolingbroke’s Exile.

SCENE II.

King, Queen, Bushy, Green, &c.

Aumerle, who kneels and kisses the King’s Hand,—who raises him.

K. Rich. ‘ Young Man, your Absence has been something long:
‘ My gentle Cousin knows, that Richard’s Heart
‘ And Arms are open, to the Friends he loves.

Aum. ‘ My Lord, believe my Heart’s firm Sentiments
‘ Are all your own: My Life, my Will is yours.
‘ Hapless, to meet my royal Sovereign’s Frown,
‘ (Whose gentler Aspect used to greet my Youth)
‘ I think myself. That I so long delay’d
‘ To pay my Duty, was to prove my Truth
‘ Firm to my Prince, my Souls acknowledg’d Master;
‘ And when I barter Loyalty for Greatness,
‘ May Heaven, and all good Men, proclaim me Villain.”

K. Rich. ‘ My gentle Coz. I do request your Pardon:
‘ I know thee honest, and confess I wrong’d thee.
‘ In these Guile-dealing, Truth-disguising Times,
‘ ’Tis not too great an Error to suspect.’

How far brought you high Hereford on his Way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford (if you call him so)
But to the next High-way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And say, what Store of parting Tears were shed?

Aum. Faith none by me; unless the North-east Wind
(Which then blew bitterly against our Faces)
Awak’d the sleepy Rheum, and so by Chance
Did grace our hollow Parting with a Tear.

K. Rich. What said your Cousin when you parted with him?

Aum. Farewell.

And, for my Heart disdained that my Tongue
Should so profane the Word, that taught me Craft
To counterfeit Oppression of such Grief,
That Words seem’d buried in my Sorrows Grave.
But would the Word Farewell have lengthen’d Hours,

And

And added Years to his short Banishment,
He should have had a Volume of Farewells;
But since it would not he had none from me.

K. Rich. He is our Kinsman, Cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When Time shall call him Home from Banishment,
Whether our Kinsman come to see his Friends.

Aum. ' Myself, and others of your right good Friends'
Observ'd, as thro' the crowded Streets he pass'd,
His servile Courtship to the common People:
How he did seem to dive into their Hearts,
With humble and familiar Courtesy;
What Reverence he did throw away on Slaves,
 wooing poor Craftsmen with the Craft of Smiles,
And patient underbearing of his Fortune,
As 'twere to banish their Affections with him.
Off goes his Bonnet to an Oyfter Wench;
A Brace of Draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the Tribute of his humble Knee,
With, Thanks my Countrymen, my loving Friends;
As were your England in Reversion his,
And he our Subjects next Degree in Hope.

K. Rich. ' How much I owe you for this Courtesie,
' My Love shall speak at large. But good Aumerle,
' Proceed if more remains, and shock our Ears
' With the poor Artifice. Base fawning Traitor;
' Vile, Guilt-insinuating Bolingbroke!

Aum. ' No more remains but to inform my Liege,
' I spent the Lead-wing'd Hours that kept me from
' My Duty here, in searching into Hearts;
' But found most differed from the Forms that own'd them:
' They pray'd for Richard when they wish'd for Bolingbroke.
' Change is the Joy of Nature and of Man;
' For as she varies in her Heaven-wrought Scene,
' Where Summer smiles, and Winter droops by Turns;
' So in the several Passions of Man's Mind,
' Sit different Forms — of Loyalty, Rebellion,
' The Love of Kings, and wish for their Destruction,
' Alternately resisting: 'till the Motion
' Which rises uppermost is put in Action,
' And shows right plain, the brave Man or the Villain.

K. Rich. ' Cousin thy Zeal transports me — brave young Man!
' Live in the Breast of Richard. I have heard
' Indeed the People's Acts of servile Pity,
' And Bolingbroke's more servile Flattery;
' But not with all the Justness of Expression,
' With which dear Cousin you deliver it.

- ‘ You’ve heard Aumerle, how we are brav’d from Ireland?
 ‘ Dar’d by the haughty Threats of insolent Men,
 ‘ Who call aloud for royal Chastisement?

Aum. ‘ I, have my Lord, and ’tis my great Ambition!

- ‘ To hope good Leave and ever royal Grace,
 ‘ Will let me join with your right loyal Troops.

K. Rich. We will ourself in Person to this War,

- ‘ And therefore much approve your great good Will;
 And for our Coffers with two great a Court,
 And liberal Largeness, are grown some-what light,
 We are enforc’d to farm our royal Realm,
 The Revenue whereof shall furnish us

- For our Affairs in Hand; if they come short,
 Our Substitutes at Home shall have blank Charters;
 Whereto, when they shall know what Men are rich,
 They shall subscribe ’em for large Sums of Gold,
 And send them after to supply our Wants;
 For we will make for Ireland instantly.

- ‘ But come my Queen, this sinks too deeply on you:

- ‘ Smile Isabella, else ’twere ominous

- ‘ To part in too much Sadness. ———

Queen. ——— My lov’d Lord,

- ‘ Chide not the soft Composure of my Soul,

- ‘ The gentle Pleadings of omnipotent Love:

- ‘ To part, tho’ ’twere a Progress or a Tour,

- ‘ Design’d for Pleasure and gay Revelry

- ‘ Would give me Pain: is it not something more

- ‘ To obey the Call of Death-befriending War?

- ‘ Who pours forth Thousands to his dark Domains?

- ‘ It in the Number of a slaughter’d Host

- ‘ My goodly Richard falls a royal Victim!

- ‘ ’Tis there my Soul is wounded, and pale Fear,

- ‘ Enfixes on my Breast her trembling Throne;

- ‘ She calls these Tears; tho’ I’ve a Soul that chides

- ‘ The fond Betrayers of my Sexes Weakness.

K. Rich. ‘ Let me kiss off thy Tears; there is no Cause.

- ‘ What is a Handful of inferior Men,

- ‘ When they do proudly dare to raise their Hands,

- ‘ On Heav’n’s first Representative on Earth?

S C E N E III.

To them an Attendant.

Attend. ‘ The Duke of York pays his most true Commands;

- ‘ And does intreat your Majesty to honour

- ‘ My Lord of Lancaster your royal Uncle,

- ‘ With your fair Presence; as each parting Moment,

- ‘ Doth seem the shorten’d Æra of his Life.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Now put it Heaven in his Physician's Mind,
To help him to his Grave immediately. [Aside.]

• Cousin Aumerle, bear you our Embassy.
• Say thus to Pain-afflicted Lancaster;
• His royal Nephew sends most due Respect;
• And will attend him, after he has offer'd
• One Prayer for his Recovery to high Heaven,
• And paid his lowly Bendings for his Welfare.

Aum. This springs I fear from Bolingbroke's Exile,
And therefore must be soften'd with fair Speech.
I shall report your Majesty's Intention,
And sooth the Woe-struck Heart of hoary Gaunt.

SCENE IV.

King, Queen, Bushy, Green, &c.

Queen. In sooth my Heart much pities Lancaster:
• Poor good old Man: Indeed my angry Lord
• You was to blame: Stern was the Rage;
• Stern was the Ire of the incensed Foes;
• But full as wrathful was the Sentence past.

K. Rich. My Queen, impartial were my Eyes and Ears.
Were he our Brother, nay our Kingdom's Heir,
As he is but my Father's Brother's Son;
I by my Sceptre's Awe had made a Vow,
such Neighbour-nearness to our sacred Blood
Should nothing priv'ledge him, nor partialize
The unstooping Firmness of my upright Soul.
He was our Subject, so was Norfolk too;
• And tho' the six Years seems unequal Justice,
• To a long Life worn out in Banishment;
• Yet the Resolve was settled in my Soul.
• If I'm a King, 'tis my Prerogative,
• To make the Scale of Justice turn on Safety:
• Hereafter you'll know more.

Queen. I've done my Lord.
• Look not ungently on me, but forgive
• The little Folly of a Woman's softness,
• The Nature-given Charter of our Sex:
• Deny us that and wherefore are we pleasing?
• Beauty's a Flower most subject to decay;
• Yet all our blooming Rivals of the Field,
• Do with their Verdure lose the Power to charm;
• But we retain the Mind, the Will to please:
• Affection, the fond darling Child of Love,
• Then ripens into Friendship, and again,
• We please again in every social Duty,

Domestic

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- Domestic Peace allows a Prince to take:
- So wou'd I be to Richard my dear Lord.
- K. Rich.* • Distrust me not my gentle Isabella,
- Still wilt thou reign in Fancy's fav'rite Form;
- Dear to my Arms, the home-felt Pledge of Peace,
- The Bounty of high Heaven; my Care in War.
- My Soul's Ally, and Refuge in Distress.
- But let us haste: Even now all levelling Death,
- May have touch'd hoary Gaunt, and with cold Hand,
- Froze the once royal Channels of his Blood.
- I pity Gaunt; but yet believe me Love,
- I cannot weep, for I do hate dissembling,
- Tho' sometimes useful: We at our return,
- Will meditate on Measures most advis'd
- For Safety in our Absence; your Security
- Will plant successful Omens in my Breast,
- And add fresh Vigour to the Heart of Richard.

Scene V. John of Gaunt's Palace.

Duke and Dutchess of York.

York. • By my Soul's Heaviness, this solemn Stillness!

- This constant Watch, this more than Midnight Gloom,
- Alarm me much; adjoin'd to Gaunt's ill State,
- The Fear when robb'd of his once sage Resolve,
- Govern'd alone by Pleasure-guided Boys,
- What strange ill Fortune may befall our England.

D. York. The good of England lives in every Breast:

- Friendship, Love, Honour, every Tie is hers,
- That binds the loyal Heart: Good Men will wake
- In nightly Vigils, with zeal-wing'd Devotion
- To Heaven for her Aid, and brave Men's Hearts
- And Swords be ready to assist her Cause;
- They'll think mean Life unworthy their Desire,
- If by their Deaths they leave their native Land,
- In Heaven-descended Peace, and fair-brow'd Triumph.

SCENE VI.

York, Dutchess of York, Aumerle.

D. York. • Welcome my Son.—

—*York.* • His absence scarce deserves it.

- I thought Aumerle that fond Affection's Tie,
- The true Regard of Duty, and Respect,
- Had brought you sooner here: But you are grown
- A Favourite with the mighty; be it so,
- Be Richard's Friend—if all his Friends are honest,
- But oh, my Son! join not bad Men, tho' prosperous;
- But scorn the fair Advancement, and high Place

• They

‘ They would bestow, if it would damn thy Fame,
‘ And leave it sullied to Posterity.

Aum. ‘ Not that I lack Advancement do I love
‘ The princely Richard, no : my Soul’s too great :
‘ ’Tis his good Virtues, and the noble Fire
‘ That warms his gallant Breast : He’s rash ’tis true;
‘ In some Things blameable, nor can I like
‘ The farming of a noble Realm like Britain;
‘ ’Tis basely mean : But yet Necessity,
‘ That meagre, hateful, that hell-visag’d Fiend !
‘ May force him to the Act, for too profuse
‘ He spends the gay Hours of a smiling Youth,
‘ And his Revenue answers not his State.

York. ‘ Ought more hast thou to plead in his Behalf?

Aum. ‘ These Irish Wars require immediate Action,
‘ Nor can a Fleet be mann’d without Supplies;
‘ Nor can our Legions pour on Irish Plains
‘ Numbers to chase Rebellion, without that
‘ Guilded Seducer, animating Gold :
‘ That oft, too oft awakes the Patriot Zeal,
‘ And fires the Hero to the bold Attempt,
‘ When nobler Passions ought to lead them on
‘ To true Ambition, to the generous glow !
‘ By Virtue wak’d, and honest Warmth maintain’d.

York. ‘ Now by my Life thou hast a gallant Spirit,
‘ Take right good Care amongst Time-serving Men,
‘ You keep it in its Bloom.—

————— *Aum.* ‘ But see, the King
‘ Is here before I’ve told my Embassy.

D. York. ‘ I’ll in and tell my Brother Lancaster,
‘ Least the Surprize is greater than his Spirits.

SCENE VII.

Duke of York, Aumerle, King, Queen, Bushy, Green, Ladies, &c.

Queen. How fares our noble Uncle Lancaster?

K. Rich. Good Uncle York, how is’t with aged Gaunt?

York. ‘ Welcome fair Cousins, from a tuneless Tongue
‘ Whom Sorrow hath made harsh : Alas, my Lord,
‘ My Brother Lancaster I look on now,
‘ As in the silent Number of the dead :
‘ His Son, his Son ; but I have done my Lord.

K. Rich. Speak out, good Uncle ; we are not offended.

York. ‘ Then thus.

‘ You banish’d Bolingbroke uncautiously ;
‘ I fear the Cause of our dear Brother’s Death :
‘ You’ll pardon me my Liege, Grief mocks at Forms,
‘ And cannot flatter, tho’ a Prince is near.

Queen.

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Queen. Good Uncle York,

‘ In sooth you search for Discontent too nearly:
 ‘ The Part my Lord did hold in Gloster’s Blood,
 ‘ Made stern-brow’d Vengeance pleasing in his Eye;
 ‘ But whilst the Proof remain’d in Night’s dark Shade,
 ‘ What could he do? True, Bolingbroke had fought,
 ‘ And Guilt-charg’d Norfolk might have felt his Arm;
 ‘ But had it been Gaunt’s Son’s unlaurel’d Brow,
 ‘ Had felt the Force of Norfolk’s direful Rage;
 ‘ Then might you charge my too impartial Lord,
 ‘ And blame, what now, is mitigated Fate.

K. Rich. ‘ My Queen says true: Gaunt’s Ire-incensed Son,
 ‘ That accus’d Norfolk of a Privacy
 ‘ In Gloster’s Murder, might have been his Fate.
 ‘ No sooner I beheld the neighing Steeds
 ‘ Diddain the Curb, and proudly spurn the Ground;
 ‘ The Foes in splendid Chivalry, array’d
 ‘ In steely Honour; and the nodding Plumes
 ‘ Wave awful on their Helmet’s burnish’d Pride;
 I thought ’twere pity for to soil our Earth
 With that dear Blood which it hath fostered;
 And as our Eyes did hate the dire Aspect
 Of civil Wounds ploughed up with Neighbour’s Swords;
 And as we thought the eagle-winged Pride
 Of shy-aspiring and ambitious Thoughts,
 With rival-hating Envy, set them on,
 To wake our Peace, which in our Country’s Cradle
 Drew the sweet infant Breath of gentle Sleep;
 (Which thus rous’d up with boisterous untun’d Drums)
 And harsh resounding Trumpet’s dreadful Bray,
 And grating Shock of wrathful Iron Arms,
 Might from our quiet Confiners fright fair Peace,
 And make us wade even in our Kindred’s Blood:
 ‘ ’Twas this compell’d our Cousin’s soften’d Doom,
 ‘ And Norfolk’s life-existling Banishment.

S C E N E VIII.

To them the Dutches of York, weeping.

D. York. The good old Gaunt commends him to your Majesty.

K. Rich. ‘ What says old Gaunt? ———

Duch. York. ——— Nay Nothing, all is said.

His Tongue is now a stringless Instrument,
 Words, Life, and all old Lancaster has spent.

York. Be York the next that must be Bankrupt so;
 Though Death be poor, it ends a mortal Grief.

K. Rich. The ripest Fruit first falls and so doth he;
 His Time is spent, our Pilgrimage must come;

So much for that. Now for our Irish Wars ;
 We must supplant those rough rug-headed Kerns,
 Which live like Venom, where no Venom else,
 But only they, have Privilege to live.

And, for these great Affairs do ask some Charge,
 Towards our Assistance we do seize to us
 The Plate, Coin, Revenues, and Moveables,
 Whereof our Uncle Gaunt did stand posselt,

York. How long shall I be patient ? Oh ! how long
 Shall tender Duty make me suffer Wrong ?

Nor Gloster's Death, nor Hereford's Banishment,
 Nor Gaunt's Distress, nor England's private Wrongs
 Have ever made me sow'r my patient Cheek,
 Or bend one wrinkle on my Sovereign's Face.

I am the last of noble Edward's Sons,
 Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was first :

In War, was never Lion rag'd more fierce ;

In Peace was never gentle Lamb more mild,

Than was that young and princely Gentleman ;

His Face thou hast, for even so look'd he

Accomplish'd with the Number of thy Hours.

But when he frown'd it was against his Foes,

And not against his Friends : his noble Hand

Did win what he did spend, and spent not that

Which his triumphant Father's Hand had won.

His Hands were guilty of no Kindred's Blood

But bloody with his Kindred's Enemies.

Oh ! Richard. York is too far gone with Grief,

Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why Uncle, what's the Matter ?

York. Oh ! my Liege,

Seek you to seize, and gripe into your Hands

The Royalties and Rights of banish'd Hereford ?

Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live ?

Did not the one deserve to have an Heir ?

Is not his Heir a well deserving Son ?

Take Hereford's Rights away, and take from Time

His Charters and his customary Rights.

Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day,

Be not thyself ; for how art thou a King,

But by fair Sequence and Succession ?

If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's Right,

You pluck a thousand Dangers on your Head ;

You lose a thousand well disposed Hearts ;

And prick my tender Patience to those Thoughts,

Which Honour and Allegiance cannot think.

C

K. Rich.

10 KING RICHARD II.

- K. Rich.* ' Let York think what he will ; 'tis forfeited ;
 ' And Hereford's Right is now the Right of Richard.
York. ' Let me be absent from a Scene like that ;
 ' For it would ill beseem these hoary Hairs,
 ' To join my Prince, in what my Prince is wrong,
 ' And must repent his inconsiderate Rashness.

SCENE IX.

King, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green, Ladies, &c.

- K. Rich.* Go Bushy to the Earl of Wiltshire straight,
 Bid him repair to us at Ely-House,
 To see this Business done: For our own Part
 We'll instantly to Ireland ;
 And we create in absence of ourself,
 Our Uncle York Lord Governor of England,
 For he is just, and always lov'd us well.
 The Lining of Gaunt's Coffers shall make Coats,
 To deck our Soldiers for this Irish War.

Aum. Ha! said you Sir?

- K. Rich.* ' Away with Frowns, good Cousin, you forget
 ' How much you hated Harry Bolingbroke ;
 ' And would you he should come triumphant back,
 ' Impower'd with his own Wealth to raise an Army ?
 ' And in the haughty Valour of his Soul,
 ' To lead them on against our royal Person ?
 ' Away, — no more — your Scruples are too nice.

- Aum.* Forgive me, Sir, I know myself your Friend ;
 ' And should you do a Deed so rash as this,
 ' What would the World allow the Friends of Richard ?
 ' I fear my Leige, that they would boldly say,
 ' I had my Share in his sequester'd Fortune ;
 ' Or that my Father, honest good old York !
 ' Basely approv'd for the Reward the Deed :
 ' Pardon me, Royal Sir, if Flame-clad Zeal
 ' Too much transports me ;' but my dear, dear Lord,
 The purest Treasure mortal Times afford
 Is spotless Reputation ; that cast off,
 Men are but gilded Loam, or painted Clay.

- K. Rich.* ' Cousin, I know thee brave and honest too ;
 ' But good Aumerle no more, 'tis justly forfeited ;
 ' Harry is now the Subject of our Anger.
 ' Whate'er Fame's brazen Trump to future Times,
 ' Can to the Guilt-charg'd Life of Richard speak,
 ' It can but say, if Vengeance went too far,
 ' 'Twas from a Soul too great to own mild Justice,
 ' When Villains and Dissemblers cross't its Purport ;
 ' Which was good Meaning to all loyal Subjects.

Weep,

- ' Weep not my Love; the Time of parting soon [To the Queen.]
 ' Will call for all our Tears — but it must be,
 ' Yet when thy Soldier comes triumphant back,
 ' The Joy will more than pay for this short Absence.
 ' My Soul is all in Arms, and I would crush them,
 ' As I wou'd any Insect I despise!
 ' Guard Dastards, guard your Courage, and keep up
 ' Your Fear-struck Souls, inanimately cold,
 ' When borne by distant Winds, the swelling Sounds
 ' Of the big Trumpet, and War-speaking Drums,
 ' Proclaim to Guilt-stain'd Rebels, Richard comes.

The End of the First Act.

ACT the Second, SCENE the First.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Queen, Emilia, Ladies, Bushy.

Emilia.

MADAM your Majesty is much too sad:
 You promis'd when you parted with the King,
 To lay aside self harming Heaviness,
 And entertain a chearful Disposition.

Queen. To please the King, I did; to please myself
 I cannot do it, yet I know no Cause
 Why I shou'd welcome such a Guest as Grief,
 Save bidding farewell to so sweet a Guest
 As my sweet Richard: yet again me-thinks
 Some unborn Sorrow, ripe in Fortune's Womb,
 Is coming tow'rd me, and my inward Soul
 With nothing trembles, yet at something grieves,
 More than at parting with my Lord the King.

Bushy. Each Substance of a Grief hath twenty Shadows,
 Which show like Grief itself, but are not so;
 For Sorrow's Eye, glazed with blinding Tears,
 Divides one Thing intire to many Objects;
 Like Perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
 Shew nothing but Confusion; ey'd awry,
 Distinguish Form. So your sweet Majesty,
 Looking awry upon your Lord's Departure,
 Finds Shapes of Grief more than himself to wail,
 Which look'd on as it is, is nought but Shadows
 Of what is not; gracious Queen, then weep not

12 KING RICHARD II.

More than your Lord's Departure, more's, not seen,
Or if it be, 'tis with false Sorrow's Eye.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward Soul
Persuades me otherwise: howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad, most heavy sad.

Emilia. 'Tis nothing but Conceit my gracious Lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less; Conceit is still deriv'd
From some Fore-father Grief; mine is not thus,
But what it is, not known, 'tis nameless Woe.

SCENE II.

Queen, Emilia, Bushy, and Green.

Green. Heaven save your Majesty:
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland.

Queen. Oh! my foreboding Heart! why hop'st thou so?

Green. That he in Time might have retir'd his Power,
And driven into Despair an Enemy
Who strongly hath set Footing in this Land.
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted Arms some few Days since
Arriv'd at Ravenpurge: 'Report speaks now
' He wanders to the Westward of this Isle.

Queen. Good Heaven forbid it Green!

Green. Madam, it is too true, and what is worse,
The Lord Northumberland, his young Son Percy,
The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful Friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And all of that revolted Faction Traitors?

Green. We have: whereon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broke his Staff, resign'd his Stewardship
And all the household Servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So Green thou art the Midwife of my Woe,
And Bolingbroke my Sorrow's dismal Heir:
Now hath my Soul brought forth her Prodigy,
And I a gasping new-deliver'd Mother,
Have Woe to Woe, Sorrow to Sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not Madam ———

Queen. ——— Who shall hinder me?
I will despair and be at Enmity
With cozening Hope; he is a Flatterer,
A Parasite, a Keeper back of Death,
Who gently wou'd dissolve the Bands of Life,
Which false Hopes linger in Extremity.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Queen, Emilia, Bushy, Green, &c. Duke of York.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.

Queen. With Signs of War about his aged Neck:
Oh full of careful Business are his Looks. ———
Uncle, for Heaven's Sake comfortable Words.

York. Shou'd I do so, I shou'd belie my Thoughts;
Comfort's in Heaven, and we are on the Earth,
Where nothing lives but Crosses, Care, and Grief.
Your Husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at Home.
Here am I left to under-prop this Land;
Who weak with Age, cannot support myself.
Now comes the sick Hour, after Surfeit made,
Now shall he try his Friends that flatter'd him.

Queen. ' Alas good Uncle, cast away those Looks
' Which seem unusual to their wonted Mildness,
' And add fresh Weight to my depressed Soul.
' Sure we have err'd beyond the common Way!
' Else why in Heaven's everlasting Volume,
' Glows the red Crime, with deepest Crimson stain'd,
' For which th' eternal Judge ordains us this!

York. ' Be not assur'd of thy Lord's Innocence:
' There is a Fault, which Heaven will hold a Crime,
' And Men, with Wrath grown hardy, seek Revenge.

Queen. ' Oh! Woe, the heavy Day; what have we done?

York. ' It is the Homebred Injury I mean:
' Say, can they bear to see an Isle like this
' Farm'd like a Village, where the hardy Peasants,
' Do from their Landlords hold the grateful Glebe
' That pays their Toil with Interest? strange to think!
This Nurse, this teeming Womb of royal Kings,
Fear'd for their Breed, and famous for their Birth,
' Should have a thoughtless, folly-guided Youth,
' Stranger to all his great Forefather's Worth,
' Descend to make a Nation's Shame his own,
' And make Detraction from her Night-gloom'd Dwelling,
' Who never us'd to meet the awful Glare,
' Of that fair Sun, that beam'd on England's Glory.

Queen. ' Where then good Uncle, was your Prevalence?
' For he was wont to listen to your Councils.
' My too rash Lord! ———

York. ——— ' I said the Time would come,
' When he would wish he had heard an old Man's Talk,
' Nor scorn'd an Age-experienced Monitor.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

To them a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, your Son was gone before I came.

York. He was; why so go all which way it will:

The Nobles they are fled, the Commons cold,

And will I fear revolt on Hereford's Side.

Get thee to Plashie to my Sister Glo'ster;

Bid her send presently a Thousand Pounds:

Hold, take my Ring. ———

Serv. ——— I've more to tell,

But fear 'twill grieve you to report the Rest.

York. What is't?

Serv. 'The Dutchess my good Lord, this Morn expir'd.

York. Heaven for his Mercy, what a Tide of Woes

Comes rushing on this woeful Land at once.

I know not what to do: I wou'd to Heaven

(So my Untruth had not provoked him to it)

The King had cut off my Head with my Brother's.

What, are there Posts dispatch'd for Ireland?

How shall we do for Money for these Wars?

Come Sister (Cousin I would say) pray pardon me.

Gentlemen, will you go and muster Men?

If I know how to order these Affairs,

Disorderly thus thrust into my Hands,

Never believe me. They are both my Kinsmen;

The one my Sovereign, whom both my Oath

And Duty bids defend: the other again

My Kinsman is, one whom the King hath wrong'd,

Whom Conscience and my Kindred bids to right.

Well, somewhat we must do: come Cousin, I'll

Dispose of you. Go muster up your Men,

And meet me presently at Barkly Castle:

I should to Plashie too, would time permit.

' This Hurry suits but ill enfeebled Age;

' But grim Necessity holds forth her Hand,

' And waves me on to the ungrateful Task.

SCENE V.

Busby, Green.

Busby. The Wind sits fair for News to Ireland,

But none returns; for us to levy Power

Proportionable to the Enemy

Is all impossible.

Green. Well, I'll for Refuge strait to Bristol Castle,

The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Busby. Thither will I wish you; for little Office

The

The hateful Commons will perform for us,
 Because our Nearness to the King in Love
 • Fills others with fell Hate at our good Hap;
 • As for the Duke of York we've but small Gleams,
 • A Kind of Twilight Hope of his Success.

Green. Alas poor Duke, the Task he undertakes
 Is numb'ring Sands and drinking Oceans dry.

• Bagot is gone for Ireland to the King.
 • The Messenger of Tidings of dire Woe.
 • But let us haste, least the Delay prove fatal.

SCENE VI, in Glo'stershire.

Bolingbroke, Northumberland, Ross, Willoughby, &c.

Bolingb. How far is it my Lord to Barkley now?

Northumb. I am a Stranger here in Glo'stershire;
 These high wild Hills, and rough uneven Ways
 Draw out our Miles and make them wearysome:
 Your Presence I protest hath much beguil'd
 The Tedioufness and Process of my Travel,

• The joy-bred Thoughts that pour upon my Soul
 • At thy Return, Life-giving Bolingbroke,
 • Bear up the Weakness of Man's toil-tir'd Nature,
 • With more than human Strength: So find the Lords
 • Who search their royal Leader, in full Hope
 Great as my own, that his protecting Hand,
 Will shake from off our Necks the slavish Yoke,
 Fresh nerve our drooping Country's broken Wing,
 Redeem from broken pawn the blemish'd Crown,
 Wipe off the Dust that hides our Sceptre's Gilt,
 And make high Majesty look like itself:
 • Discharge the Mists that hide its awful Glare,
 • And drive the nightly Cloud of Error forth.

Bolingb. I thank you good my Lords; your Love pursues
 A banish'd Traitor, all my Treasury
 Is yet but unfelt Thanks, which more enrich'd
 Shall be your Love and Labour's Recompence.

Ross. Your Presence makes us rich, most noble Lord.

Will. And far surmounts our Labour to attain it.

Bolingb. Evermore thanks (th' Exchequer of the Poor)
 Which 'till my infant Fortune comes to Years
 Stands for my Bounty. • By the fable Pomp
 • Which bore old Gaunt to his eternal Home,
 • My soul is much distress'd: Richard is King,
 • And I am but the Subject of his Will;
 • Becomes it me my Lord Northumberland,
 • In Armaments of War, and resolv'd Heart
 • To fright fair Peace from her accustom'd Seat,

• And

' And shake my native Land with civil Arms?
 ' I fear me I do ill; yet I am wrong'd;
 ' Stript of my Title and fair Revenue:
 ' This I confess has stir'd me—— but there is
 ' More Claims than this, to wake this dread Alarm;
 ' My Uncle Glo'ster's too untimely Death;
 ' Which I much fear that a right royal Licence,
 ' Gave leave to those that with Death-doing Hands,
 ' Sluc'd out his innocent Soul thro' Streams of Blood;
 ' Which Blood like sacrificing Abel's cries
 ' Even from the tongueless Caverns of the Earth,
 ' To me for Justice and rough Chastisement.

Northumb. ' Could but the Proof of this vile Act appear
 ' Before the Eyes of a Time-serving People,
 ' It then might turn some Hearts which Men call loyal,
 ' To aid your Cause and give your Arms support.

Bollingb. ' My Lord Northumberland there always are
 ' Too many Rivals in black Treachery,
 ' When the Reward is in the Breast of Kings,
 ' To lay the Act on a particular Man;
 ' Of this we are my Lord right well assur'd
 ' It was the Wish and foul Request of Richard.
 ' Whoever did it much imports not us,
 ' Than that it holds the Arm of keen Revenge,
 ' And turns the Axe from off the Murderer's Neck.
 ' As to the King tho' I esteem him sacred,
 ' Tis not the Tryal of a Woman's War,
 ' The bitter Clamour of two eager Tongues,
 ' Can arbitrate the Cause betwixt us Twain;
 ' The Blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
 ' Not that I mean, my Lord Northumberland,
 ' To measure out my Power in ampler Bounds,
 ' Than is agreeing to the Nation's Will.
 ' I only think 'twere best to root away
 ' The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,
 ' Who tainted Richard's Mind with such foul Thoughts;
 ' And would the King relent, and give me back
 ' My Titles and hereditary Rights,
 ' And punish the vile Actors of this Deed,
 ' I'd own my Rashness, and with Duty pay
 ' The true Devotion of a Subject's Love.

Northumb. ' My gracious Lord, we doubt not ought of that;
 But see my Son, sent from my Brother Worcester.

SCENE VII.

To them Percy.

Northumb. Harry, how fares your Uncle?

Percy.

KING RICHARD II. 17

Percy. I thought my Lord, to have learnt his Health from you.

Northumb. Why, is he not with the Queen?

Percy. No, my good Lord, he hath forsook the Court,
Broken his Staff of Office, and dispers'd
The Household of the King.

Northumb. What was his Reason?

Percy. Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traitor.
But he my Lord, is gone to Ravenspurge,
To offer Service to the Duke of Hereford.

Northumb. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, Boy?

Percy. No my good Lord, for that is ne'er forgot
Which ne'er I did remember; to my Knowledge,
I never in my Life did look on him.

Northumb. Then learn to know him now; this is the Duke.

Percy. My gracious Lord, I tender you my Service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder Days shall ripen and confirm,
To more approved Service and Desert.

Bolingb. I thank thee gentle Percy, and believe me,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a Soul rememb'ring my good Friends:
And as my Fortune ripens with thy Love,
It shall be still thy true Love's Recompence.
My Heart this Covenant makes, my Hand thus seals it.

Percy. Now by my Life——yon is the Duke approaching
To Barkly Castle; which I've learn'd is mann'd
But with three hundred Men, and in it are
The Lords of Bradley and of Seymour; there the Duke,
Intending to retire, must greet your Highness.

Bolingb. I wou'd to Heav'n this Meeting may be lucky.

S C E N E VIII.

Bolingbroke, Northumberland, Percy, Ross, Willoughby, &c. Duke
of York, Attendants, &c.

Bolingb. My noble Uncle!

[*Kneels.*]

York. Shew me thy humble Heart, and not thy Knee,
Whose Duty is deceivable and false.

Bolingb. My gracious Uncle!

York. I am no Traitor's Uncle, that Word Grace,
In an ungracious Mouth is but prophane.
Why have these banish'd and forbidden Legs,
Dar'd once to touch a Dust of England's Ground?
But more then why have they dar'd to march
So many Miles into her peaceful Bosom,
Fright'ning her pale-fac'd Villagers with War,
And Ostentation of despised Arms?
Com'st thou because th'anointed King is hence?

D

Why,

18 KING RICHARD II.

Why, foolish Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyal Bosom lies his Power.
Were I but now the Lord of such hot Youth,
As when brave Gaunt thy Father, and myself
Rescu'd the black Prince, that young Mars of Men,
From forth the Ranks of many thousand French;
Oh! then how quickly should this Arm of mine,
Now Prisoner to the Palsie, chastise thee,
And minister Correction to thy Fault!

Bolingb. My gracious Uncle let me know my Fault,
On what Condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Even in Condition of the worst Degree;
In gross Rebellion, and detested Treason.
Thou art a banish'd Man, and here art come,
Before the Expiration of thy Time,
In braving Arms against thy Sovereign.

Bolingb. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster:
And noble Uncle, I beseech your Grace,
Look on my Wrongs with an indifferent Eye.
You are my Father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive. O then, my Father!
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring Vagabond? My Rights and Royalties
Pluck'd from my Arms perforce, and giv'n away
To upstart Unthrifs? Wherefore was I born?
If that my Cousin King, be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a Son, Aumerle, my noble Kinsman;
Had you first dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He shou'd have found his Uncle Gaunt a Father,
To rouse his Wrongs, and chase them to the Bay.
I am deny'd to sue my Livery here,
And yet my Letters Patent give me Leave:
My Father's Goods are all distrained and sold,
And these and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a Subject,
And challenge Law: Attorneys are deny'd me,
And therefore personally I lay my Claim,
To mine Inheritance of free Descent.

Northumb. The noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

Rafs. It stands your Grace upon to do him Right.

Willo. Base Men by his Endowments are made great.

York. My Lords of England, let me tell you this;
I have had Feeling of my Cousin's Wrongs,
And labour'd all I cou'd to do him Right:

But

KING RICHARD II. 19

But in this Kind, to come in braving Arms,
Be his own Carver, and cut out his Way;
To take Advantage of the absent Time,
And fright our native Peace with self-borne Arms;
To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be:
And you that do abet him in this Kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

Northumb. The noble Duke hath sworn his Coming is
But for his own; and for the Right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him Aid;
And let him ne'er see Joy that breaks that Oath.

York. Well, well, I see the Issue of these Arms:
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my Power is weak, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gave me Life,
I would attack you all, and make you stoop,
Unto the sovereign Mercy of the King.
But since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter: So farewell;
Unless you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this Night.

Bollingb. An Offer Uncle, that we will accept;
But we must win your Grace to go with us
To Bristol Castle, which they say is held
By the King's private Foes, his Sycophants,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go; but yet I'll think,
For I am loath to break our Country's Laws;
Nor can I ever trample on Allegiance:
But let us in: nor Friends nor Foes to me;
However, welcome; but these dread Alarms,
The Rage of Battle, and the Weight of Arms,
A People's Burden, and a Nation's Cares,
Will suit but ill these Time-besilver'd Hairs.

The End of the second Act.

ACT the Third, SCENE the First.

The Coast of Wales, before Barloughly Castle. Flourish of Drums
and Trumpets.

King Richard, Aumerle, Bishop of Carlisle, and Soldiers.

King Richard.

BARLOUGHLY Castle call you this?

Aum. Yea my good Lord; how brooks your Grace the Air,
After your Tossing on the breaking Seas?

D 2

K. Rich.

R. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for Joy,
 To stand upon my Kingdom once again:
 Dear Earth, I do salute thee with my Hand,
 Tho' Rebels wound thee with their Horses Hoofs.
 As a long parted Mother with her Child,
 Plays fondly with her Tears and smiles in Meeting;
 So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my Earth,
 And do thee Favour with my royal Hands.
 Feed not thy Sovereign's Foe, my gentle Earth,
 Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous Sense;
 But let thy Spiders that suck up thy Venom,
 And heavy-gaited Toads lye in their Way,
 • Let the curl'd Serpent wreath his shining Fold
 • Against my Foe and glide along thy Paths,
 • Lest Usurpation stalks and black Rebellion,
 • Dyes thy green Verdure with thy Children's Blood.
 Mock not my senseless Conjurament Lords;
 This Earth shall have a Feeling, and these Stones
 Prove armed Soldiers, 'ere her native King
 Shall fault under foul rebellious Arms.

B. of Carl. Fear not my Lord, that Power that made you King,
 Hath Power to keep you King, in Spite of all.
 The Means that Heaven yields must be embrac'd,
 And not neglected; ' else the stretch'd out Arm
 • Of high Omnipotence, that guards thy Host,
 • Would be in Vain, should you refuse the Shelter.

Aum. He means, my Lord, that we are too remiss,
 Whilst Bolingbroke, thro' our Security,
 Grows strong and great: ' already does he lead
 • Admiring Thousands, thro' the Fields of England.
 • The Winds are hoarse with black Rebellion's Voice,
 • And murmur distant War: even now he comes,
 • And each Steel-crested Warrior, waves his Head
 • In proud Contempt, and bids us bold Defiance;
 • And should we rust in Rest a little longer,
 • The Trumpet's Clarion, and the hoarse-ton'd Drums,
 • Would wake us from Repose.

K. Rich. Discomfortable Cousin, know'st thou not,
 That when the searching Eye of Heaven is hid
 Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World;
 Then Thieves and Robbers range abroad unseen,
 In Murders, and in Outrage bloody here:
 But when from under this terrestrial Ball
 He fires the proud Tops of the eastern Pines,
 And darts his Light thro' every guilty Hole;
 Then Murders, Treasons, and detested Sins,

The Cloak of Night being pluck'd from off their Backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this Thief, this Traitor Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revel'd in the Night,
Whilst we were wandering with the Antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our Throne the East;
His Treasons shall sit blushing in his Face,
Not able to endure the Face of Day;
But self-affrighted tremble at his Sin.

Aum. ' May such Controll beyond inferior Men,
' Still wait the injured Majesty of England.

K. Rich. I tell thee Cousin.

Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea
Can wash the Balm from an anointed King;
The Breath of worldly Men cannot depose
The Deputy elected by high Heaven.

For every Man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift sharp Steel against our golden Crown,
Heaven for his Richard hath in Heavenly pay,
' A Guard of Angels never to be conquer'd.

SCENE II.

To them Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how far lies off your Power?

Salisb. Not near, nor farther off my gracious Lord,
Than this weak Arm: Discomfort guides my Tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but Despair:
One Day (too late I fear my noble Lord)
Hath clouded all thy happy Days on Earth.
Oh! call back Yesterday, bid Time return,
And thou shalt have twelve Thousand fighting Men.
To-day too late, at least I fear too late;
For all the Welshmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke: They do report
The Bay Trees in their Country all are wither'd
And Meteors fright the fixed Stars of Heaven:
The pale-fac'd Moon looks bloody on the Earth,
And lean-look'd Prophets whisper fearful Change;
' We strove to talk them from their strange Belief,
' But all in Vain came Council to their Ears,

Aum. Comfort my Liege; why looks your Grace so sad?

K. Rich. But now the Blood of twenty Thousand Men,
Did triumph in my Face, and they are fled——

' All you that would be safe disclaim your King,
' And join high Heaven against me, which has struck
' This Blow, for high and Pride-beseeming Thoughts.

Aum.

22 KING RICHARD II.

Aum. My royal Lord, remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: Am I not King?
Awake thou Coward Majesty, thou sleep'st:
Is not the King's Name forty thousand Names?
Arm, arm my Name; a puny Subject strikes
At thy great Glory. Look not to the Ground,
Ye Favourites of a King! Are ye not high?
High be our Thoughts. I know my Uncle York
Hath Power to serve our Turn. But who comes here?

SCENE III.

King Richard, Aumerle, Bishop of Carlisle, Salisbury, Soldiers, &c.

—Scroop.

Scroop. More Health and Happiness betide my Liege,
Than can my Care-tun'd Tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. ' Speak on, and tremble not, I'll bear a Heart,
' Hardy as the fierce Monster of the Woods;
' I'll brace each failing Artery with Steel,
' Strong as the princely Savage I would copy; —
' But King of Beasts, and loyal Beasts obey him,
' Whilst Man. —
' But say thou Fear-enslaved Messenger,
' Is my Crown lost? — 'Tis well; why be it so.

Scroop. Glad am I that your Highness is so arm'd,
To bear the Tidings of Calamity.

' The Host of Bolingbroke o'erspreads thy Land;
' Their steely Armour brighten with the Sun,
' And form a moving Fire along thy Fields:
White Beards have arm'd their thin and hairless Scalps
Against thy Majesty; Boys with Womens Voices
Strive to speak big, and clasp their Female Joints,
In stiff unweildy Arms against thy Crown:
The very Beadsmen learn to bend their Bows
Against thy State; ' and Ire-led Women leave
' The Distaff, to become the Foes of Richard.'

King Rich. 'Tis well: I said I'd bear it like a King.
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? Where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? Where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous Enemy,
Measure our Confines with such peaceful Steps?
If we prevail, their Heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they've made Peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace they have made with him indeed my Lord.

King Rich. O Villains! Vipers! Damn'd without Redemption,
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any Man;
Snakes in my Heart's Blood warm'd, that sting my Heart.

Wou'd

Wou'd they make Peace? Terrible Hell make War
Upon their spotted Souls for this Offence!

Scroop. Sweet Love I see, changing his Property,
Turns to the sow'rest and most deadly Hate.

Again uncurse their Souls: Their Peace is made
With Heads, and not with Hands: Those whom you curse,
Have felt the worst of Death's destroying Hand,
And lye full low, gray'd in the hollow Ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their Heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?

King Rich. No Matter where; of Comfort no Man speak:
Let's talk of Graves, of Worms, and Epitaphs,
Make Dust our Paper, and with rainy Eyes,
Write Sorrow in the Bosom of the Earth!
Let's chuse Executors and talk of Wills;
And yet not so ——— for what can we bequeath,
Save our depos'd Bodies to the Ground?
Our Lands, our Lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but Death;
And that small Model of the barren Earth
Which serves as Paste and Cover to our Bones.
Or wou'd you please me, sit upon the Ground,
And tell sad Stories of the Death of Kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in War:
Some haunted by the Ghosts they dispossessed:
Some poison'd by their Wives, some sleeping kill'd——
All murder'd —— for within the hollow Crown,
That rounds the mortal Temples of a King,
Keeps Death his Court, and there the Antick sits
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pomp;
Allowing him a Breath, a little Scene
To monarchize, be feared, and kill with Looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this Flesh which walls about our Life,
Were Brass impregnable: and humour'd thus
Comes at the last, and with a little Pin
Bores thro' his Castle Walls, and farewell King!

Aum. and Carl. ' My gracious King?

K. Rich. Cover your Heads, and mock not Flesh and Blood
With solemn Rev'rence: Throw away Respect,
Tradition, Form, and ceremonious Duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live on Bread like you, feel Want like you,

Taste

Taste Grief, need Friends like you : Subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a King ?

Carl. My Lord, wife Men ne'er wail their present Woes,
Which Strength and Conduct may in Time disperse,
If Man forsake you, Heaven may give you Aid.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well : Proud Bolingbroke I come——
Say, Scroop, where lies our Uncle with his Pow'r ?

Scroop. I play the Torturer, and spin out Woe :
Your Uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,
And all your Northern Castles yielded up,
And all your Southern Gentlemen in Arms
Upon this Faction.——

K. Rich. ——Thou hast said enough.
Beswore thee, Confin, which did'st lead me forth
Of that sweet Way I was in to Despair.

What say you now ? What Comfort have we now ?

Aum. ' Yet but one Word, my ever royal Lord.

K. Rich. By Heaven I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of Comfort any more.

Go to Flint Castle, there I'll pine away :

A King Woe's Slave, shall kingly Woe obey :

' Discharge my Followers from Richard's Gloom,

' From Pain that perisheth, to Joys that bloom.

SCENE IV.

A Garden belonging to the Duke of York's Palace.

Queen, Emilia, and Ladies.

Queen. ' What Sport shall we devise here in this Garden,
' To drive away the heavy Thought of Care ?

Emilia. ' If it wou'd please you, Madam, I wou'd sing.

Queen. ' 'Tis well that thou hast Cause :

' But thou should'st please me better, wou'd'st thou weep.

Emilia. ' I could weep Madam, would it do you good.

Queen. ' And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
' And never borrow any Tear of thee :

' But say Emilia——do not flatter me ;

' But by the Love you bear me tell me true :

' What say our last Advices ? —— what the People ? ——

' —— Does my Lord ? —— Oh ! answer me sweet Girl.

' Forget I am a Queen, and speak such Truths,

' As Flattery ne'er taught, and Subjects hear.

Emilia. ' Alas ! my Queen, Discomfort guides my Tongue,
' And makes it tuneless and discorsolate.

' The People murmur, and Report speaks strong,

' Each Morning Sun, that gilds the rebel Arms

' Of Bolingbroke, beholds his Friends increase ;

• And

' And those, who wish your much lov'd Lord's Return,
 ' Speak with a Look, and answer with a Sigh;
 ' And leave us to imagine, what import
 ' Their Answer was, could Grief admit a Tongue.

Queen. ' Oh! wherefore was I flatter'd? why mislead;
 ' To pleasing Dreams, and Joy-admitting Thoughts?
 ' Why had I not a Friend like thee Emilia,
 ' To lay the heavy Burthen on at once,
 ' And numb me with the Weight. Oh! my lov'd Lord!
 ' When will again thy Isabella's Eyes,
 ' Greet thee with pleasing Joy at thy Return?
 ' When, when indeed! it is too much to bear.
 ' Or should, which Heaven avert, the Day arrive
 ' Which leaves me, wretched in a widow'd Bed,
 ' Doom'd to the high Looks of proud Bolingbroke,
 ' And the mean Insults of each prosperous Traitor;
 ' How could I bear it then? who would befriend
 ' The Widow and the Stranger, when the Pomp
 ' Of purple Majesty was laid aside;
 ' Ah! who indeed! would they not rather urge
 ' The wretched to Despair? and with mock Pity
 ' Drive the dejected Soul to desperate Rage?
 ' It must not be? oh! save him, save him Heaven!

S C E N E V.

Queen, Emilia, Dutchess of York, Ladies.

D. of York. ' But that I see thy Tear-deck'd Eyes are wet,
 ' I come to say, what Fortune waits the King.

' Of that anon——how fares your Majesty?

Queen. Well, excellent well; but oh! my gentle Aunt

' Do not you play a Loiterer to my Woe:

Is my Lord well? is Bolingbroke o'ercome?

' And shall we meet again?——

D. of York. —— The King is well.

Queen. ' I'll first thank Heaven for that: But pray go on,
 ' In sooth, sweet Aunt, you tell me all too slow.

D. of York. ' But oh! my Queen, my Husband good old York,

' I know not wherefore he has done this Rashness,

' But he has given up the Place he held;

' And join'd with Bolingbroke.——

Queen. —— To our Destruction!

' Oh! where is plac'd the boasted Faith of Man?

' Where is the Soul of Virtue? where the Breast

' That can beat down the rising Surge of Greatness?

' Could York do this? then where have we a Friend?

26 KING RICHARD II.

* Vile World, where Falsehood wears the Robes of Truth,
 * And hot Ambition glows the Flame of Honour.

D. of York. ' Far be Ambition from the Breast of York,
 * Some secret Purport, which he writes me not,
 * Hath urg'd him to this Act. Be comforted:
 * Yet Richard lives; our latest News report,
 * He is expected hourly to his England.

Queen. His ungrateful England!
 * Comes he to stain its crimson Coast with Blood?
 * Does he lay bare his Breast to its Destruction,
 * And woo the pointed Steel to its Embraces?
 * Why, wherefore does he come? Oh! let him fly,
 * Where Safety points him out her peaceful Paths;
 * Far from perfidious Man! There let me meet him,
 * Where no Snakes hiss around the golden Crown,
 * Nor faithless Flatterers lure him to Destruction.

D. of York. ' Yet be of Comfort; be assured, my Lord
 * Is at his Heart the Friend of Richard still.

Queen. ' The Wretched have no Friends; Men are avow'd
 * Their deadliest Foes, to hunt 'em thro' the World,
 * And trace the Paths that lead to their Destruction.
 * That York's true Honour is not to be sold,
 * I wish he'd better prove: Oh! gentle Aunt,
 * You know but ill what Power and Greatness can do:
 * Whilst it can give a Villain Loveliness,
 * Pluck the chaste Blush from Virtue's modest Front,
 * And fix it on a lewd-fac'd Harlot's Cheek;
 * Make the vile Coward mock the Hero's Arms,
 * And Man forget the Friend he lov'd before.
 * Forgive me if I rave. To lose my Crown,
 * Is a small Loss; it is my Lord I mourn;
 * Nor can I thus distress'd, kiss fawning Patience;
 * Nor greet Submission as a Woman's Virtue.

D. of York. ' Our next Advice may be more favourable.
 * My gracious Queen, Oh! think me not your Foe;
 * As if the Rules of Hospitality
 * Were banish'd from me. — All this House, my Queen,
 * Pay you the Homage of their Knees and Hearts,
 * And every Tongue would hail you with a Welcome.
 * Honour us with your Presence, gentle Cousin,
 * 'Till Time disperses the impending Storm
 * That lowers now; this Thunder-speaking Darkness
 * May clear again, and Nature brighten forth,
 * Charm'd with the bright Beams of the gaudy Sun;
 * And may your Richard be that Sun to England.

Queen. ' I thank you, gentle Aunt, for these good Wishes;

* Nor

- Nor doubt I they bespeak the Heart-felt Thought:
- In sooth I know them such: But yet forgive me,
- I must to London—for a Woe-charg'd Mind,
- Will be unsettled wheresoe'er it goes;
- And often construe Kindness to Contempt.
- You will go with me, Madam?

D. of York. Since you are resolute, my Queen commands me.

Queen. Alas! my Heart's so heavy, I can scarce

- Rejoice in any thing: But yet your Company
- Will cheer me much. Ah! why were we ordain'd,
- To stand the foremost Cedars of the Wood?
- For to endure the forked Lightning's Blast;
- Which if we had been lower we had shun'd,
- And shrunk beneath the Stroke? Thrice happy you,
- Ye less regarded Men! you need not envy
- The Monarch's Joy, for 'tis a broken Transport.
- What is the mighty Happiness you boast,
- Ye Rulers of Mankind? Oh, sacred Heaven!
- Save but the Life of my ill-fated Lord,
- We ask not for the rest; but leave the Throne
- A Curse, for vile, usurping Bolingbroke.

S C E N E VI. Before Flint Castle.

Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Percy, Soldiers, with Drums
and Colours, &c.

North. This is the Castle, here doth Richard rest,
And wait an Answer to his Embassy.

York. It would beseem the Lord Northumberland,
To say King Richard. Ah, the heavy Day!
When such a sacred King shou'd hide his Head!

Bolingb. Mistake not, Uncle, farther than you shou'd.

York. Take not good Cousin farther than you shou'd,
Lest you mistake; the Heavens are o'er your Head.

Bolingb. I know it Uncle, nor oppose myself
Against their Will. But noble Lord. *To Northumberland.*

Go to the rude Ribs of that ancient Castle,
Thro' brazen Trumpet send the Breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd Ears; and thus deliver:
Henry of Bolingbroke, upon his Knees,
Doth kiss King Richard's Hand; and sends Allegiance
And Faith of Heart unto his royal Person:
Even at his Feet I lay my Arms and Power,
Provided that my Banishment repeal'd,
And Lands restor'd again, be freely granted;
If not, I'll use the Advantage of my Power,
And lay the Summer's Dust with Showers of Blood,
Rain'd from the Wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen.

28 KING RICHARD II.

The which, how far off from the Mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson Tempest should bedrench
The fresh green Lap of fair King Richard's Land,
My stooping Duty tenderly shall shew:
Go signify as much;* while here we march

[*Northumberland goes to the Castle.]

Upon the grassy Carpet of this plain;
Let's march without the Noise of threat'ning Drums,
That from this Castle's tatter'd Battlements,
Our fair Appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks King Richard and myself should meet,
With no less Terror than the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundering Smoke
At meeting, tears the cloudy Cheeks of Heaven.
Let us observe King Richard how he looks.

[To York.]

SCENE VII.

Parley without; Answer within.

Then enter on the Walls King Richard, Aumerle, Bishop of Carlisle
Salisbury, Scroop, &c.

Bolingb. But see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented Sun,
From out the fiery Portal of the East,
When he perceives the envious Clouds are bent
To dim his Glory, and to stain the Tract,
Of his bright Passage to the Occident.

York. Yet looks he like a King: Behold his Eye,
As bright as is the Eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling Majesty: Alack, for Woe!
' This claims by Right this Sorrow-easing Dew.'

K. Rich. to North. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we stood,
To watch the fearful Bending of thy Knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful King;
And if we be, how dare thy Joints forget
To pay their awful Duty to our Presence?
If we be not, shew us the Hand of Heaven,
That hath dismiss'd us from our Stewardship.
For well we know, no Hand of Blood and Bone,
Can gripe the sacred Handle of our Scepter,
Unless he do prophane it by usurping.
And tho' you think we are bereft of Friends;
Yet know, my Master, the great King of Heaven,
Is must'ring in his Clouds on our Behalf
Armies of Pestilence, to aid my Cause:
' And from the Gold-tip'd Battlements of Heaven,
' He'll order warring Angels to appear,
' And hurl down Thunder on rebellious Men.

Aum.

Aum. ' Beseech my Lord the King, to be composed.

King Rich. ' Cousin I'll take your Council.

' Tell Bolingbroke (for yond' methinks he is)

That every Stride he makes upon this Land

Is dangerous Treason; he is come to ope

The purple Testament of bleeding War.

But ere the Crown he looks for live in Peace,

' First shall the Dew-fresh'd Flower of England's Face,

Change the Complexion of her Maid-pale Peace

To scarlet Indignation, and bedew

The Pastor's Grass with faithful English Blood.

North. The King of Heaven forbid, our Lord the King
Shou'd so with civil and uncivil Arms

Be rush'd upon: No, thy thrice noble Cousin,

Harry of Bolingbroke, doth kiss thy Hand;

And by the honourable Tomb he swears,

That stands upon your royal Grandfires Bones,

And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,

(Currents that spring from one most gracious Head)

And by the bury'd Hand of warlike Gaunt,

And by the Worth and Honour of himself,

Comprising all that may be said, and sworn,

His coming hither hath no further Scope,

Than for his lineal Royalties, and to beg

Infranchisement immediate on his Knees:

Which on thy royal Party granted once,

His glittering Arms he will commend to Rust;

His barbed Steeds to Stables; and his Heart

To faithful Service of your Majesty.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say thus the King returns:

His noble Cousin is right welcome hither,

And all the Number of his fair Demands

Shall be accomplish'd without Contradiction,

With all the gracious Utterance thou hast

Speak to his gentle hearing kind Commends.

[Northumberland goes to Bolingbroke.]

We do debase us, Cousin, do we not,

[To Aumerle.]

To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?

Shall we call Northumberland, and send

Defiance to the Traitor, and so die?

Aum. No good my Lord, let's fight with gentle Words

' Till Time raise Friends that now believe you Dead:

' And when again we shine in gleaming Steel,

' We can afford to give a better Answer,

' And send the proud Defiance to his Teeth.

K. Rich. Oh righteous Heaven! that e'er this Tongue of mine,

That

30 KING RICHARD II.

That laid the Sentence of dread Banishment,
On you proud Man, shou'd take it off again,
With Words of sooth; oh! that I were as great
As is my Grief, or lesser than my Name!
Or that I cou'd forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou proud Heart! I'll give thee scope to beat.

[*Northumberland returns.*]

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the King do now? must he submit?
The King shall do it: Must he be depos'd?
The King shall be contented: What will he not do?
I'd give my Jewels for a Set of Beads:
My gorgeous Palace for a Hermitage;
My gay Apparel for an Alms-man's Gown;
My Scepter for a Palmer's walking Staff,
And my large Kingdom for a little Grave,
A little little Grave, an obscure Grave.
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender hearted Cousin;
I could weep too, but that my Pride forbids it,
Most mighty Prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke?

Northumb. My Lord, in the base Court he does attend,
To speak with you, may't please you to come down.

K. Rich. Down down I come like glistening Phaeton.
* Oh! could I set the smoaking World on Fire,
* To kill my Foes and glow at my Disgrace.

Bolingb. What says his Majesty?

Northumb. ——— Sorrow of Heart
Makes him speak fondly like a frantic Man;
But see he comes. ———

SCENE VIII.

Enter from the Castle, King Richard, Aumerle, Bishop of Carlisle,
Salisbury, Scroop, &c.

Bolingb. ——— Stand all apart and shew
Fair Duty to his Majesty.

My gracious Lord: ———

[*Kneels.*]

K. Rich. Fair Cousin you debase your princely Knee,
To make the base Earth proud with kissing it.
Me rather had, my Heart might feel your Love,
Than my vex'd Eyes behold your Courtesie.

Bolingb. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine own,
With such submission, and most loyal Meekness,
As well might claim the Warrantry of Heaven.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours and all.

Bolingb.

Bolingb. So far be mine, my most redoubted Lord,
As my true Service shall deserve your Love.

K. Rich. Well you deserv'd: They well deserve to have
That know the strongest and surest Way to get.
Uncle, give me your Hand; nay dry your Eyes,
Tears shew their Love, but answer not the End.
Cousin I am too young to be your Father,
Tho' you are old enough to be my Heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too.

But whither shall we go? —

Bolingb. — If it would please you,
London will best besuit the present Times;
And there we'll settle all, and give a fresh
Oath of true Service to your Majesty.

K. Rich. It is right well; good Cousin I'll obey you;
Alas! I said obey; — I had indeed
Forgot I was a King; but be it so;
I would I ne'er had claim'd a royal Birth,
Nor wore upon my Head a golden Crown;
Then had I ne'er been flatter'd, nor obey'd,
Nor ever known the Flame-clad Zeal of Greatness;
And never been — I had like to have said undone!
Had but my Lot been humble as the Hind's
That breaks the stubborn Glebe; or had I led
My Flock on the Sky-kissing Mountain's Brow,
And only taught my humbler Brutes Submission,
They would not have rebell'd against their Master!
I tire you with my Frenzy — pray lead on.

The End of the Third Act.

A C T the Fourth, S C E N E the First.

A Council Chamber.

Bolingbroke on a Chair of State, *Aumerle*, *Northumberland*, *Percy*,
Bishop of Carlisle, *Salisbury*, *Fitzwater*, *Abbot of Westminster*,
Herald, *Officers*, &c.

Bolingbroke.

C O U S I N you'll find the Charge that Bagot gave
Of princely Gloster's too untimely End,
Can be confirm'd; there are amongst my Friends

(Some

- * (Some of those great ones too) that will report
- * What Honour and fair Truth can well affirm.

Aum. Princes and noble Lords, and royal Cousin,
What Answer can I make to this base Man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair Stars,
On equal Terms to give him Chastisement?
Either I must or have mine Honour soil'd
With the Attainder of his slanderous Lips,

- * Oh! give him to my Fury; to this Arm,
- * And this good Sword, that marks him out for Hell;
- * And if as there may be in this Assembly,
- * Those who would blot my Honour and fair Fame,
- * Let them speak out as honest men should do,
- * Who dare to make that Accusation seen,
- * Which slanderous Secrecy had cloak'd before.

Percy. Mistake not vaunting Boy! but there are Men,
* That dare to meet the Greatness of thy Wrath.
* My Lord—— (to Fitzwater)

Fitzw. By that fair Sun that shews me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert Cause of noble Gloster's Death;
* Nor is the good Success of princely Bolingbroke,
* Right welcome to your Truth-disguising Heart.

Aum. Fitzwater thou art damn'd to Hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle 'tis false, his Honour is as true
In this Appeal, as thou art all unjust;
And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee to th'extremest Point
Of mortal Breathing; seize it if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not may my Hand rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful Steel
Over the glittering Helmet of my Foe;
Who sets me else? By Heaven I'll throw at all.
I have a Thousand Spirits in my Breast,
To answer twenty Thousand such as you.

Fitzw. I once did hear the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou Aumerle did'st send two of thy Men,
To execute the noble Duke at Calais.

Aum. Oh! were he but repeal'd I'd answer him,
* As I would thee, and mock his proud Defiance.
* Why Sons of Fortune, Malice-guided Men,
* Why should you envy me? I cannot boast
* To claim the nobler Steerage of the Helm,
* And therefore cannot hope right fair Advancement:
* A Follower of Richard's fallen State
* Was all my Boast; I thought it Loyalty.——

* Mistaken

' Mistaken Fool! and blest that righteous Power,
 ' That did inform my Love-instructed Breast,
 ' With Notions I thought honest; if I err,
 ' May bounteous Heaven, and all good Men forgive me.

Bolingb. ' My Lord Aumerle, your Zeal will soon transport you,
 ' Even to the Confirmation of your Charge.
 ' That you are Richard's Friend, we well perceive,
 ' And as the Son of York I wish you mine.
 ' Nor am I yet myself the Foe of Richard:
 ' But be it as it may. For you my Lords,
 ' That have accus'd this hot young Man of Thoughts,
 ' Pernicious to his Honour and our State,
 ' Curb for a while Feud-stirring Loyalty,
 ' Till Norfolk be repeal'd: Repeal'd he shall be,
 ' Tho' my sworn Enemy; when he's return'd,
 ' Against Aumerle we will enforce his Trial.

B. of Carl. That honourable Day shall ne'er be seen.
 Full many a Time hath banish'd Norfolk fought,
 Streaming the Ensign of the Christian Cross
 Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
 Then toil'd with Works of War, retir'd himself
 To Italy, and there at Venice, gave
 His Body to that pleasant Country's Earth;
 ' His Soul Heaven-wasted, kiss'd the golden Cloud,
 ' That stoop'd to raise him to eternal Rest.

Bolingb. Sweet Heaven receive his Soul.—Lords Appellants,
 Your Differences shall all rest under Gage,
 ' Till we assign to you your Days of Trial.

SCENE II.

To them the Duke of York.

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
 From Plume-pluck'd Richard, who with willing Soul
 Adopts thee Heir, and his high Sceptre yields
 To the Possession of thy royal Hand.

Ascend his Throne, descending now from him
 And long live Henry, of that Name the fourth,

Bolingb. In God's Name I'll ascend the regal Throne

B. of Carl. Marry, Heaven forbid!
 Worst in this royal Presence may I speak,
 Yet best befitting me to speak the Truth:
 ' Wou'd Heaven, that any in this noble Presence,
 ' Were enough noble to be upright Judge
 ' Of royal Richard; then true Nobleness, would
 ' Learn him Forbearance from so foul a Wrong.
 ' What Subject can give Sentence to a King?
 ' And who sits here that is not Richard's Subject?

Thieves are not judged but they are by to hear,
 Altho' apparent Guilt be seen in them;
 And shall the Figure of Heaven's Majesty,
 His Captain, Steward, Deputy elect,
 Be judg'd by subject and inferior Breath,
 And he himself not present? Oh, forbid it,
 That in a Christian Climate, Souls refin'd
 Shou'd show so heinous, black, obscene a Deed:
 I speak to Subjects, and a Subject speaks,
 Stirr'd up by Heaven thus boldly for his King.
 ' If he has err'd, our Errors sometimes seen
 ' In the clear Glafs of keen Adversity,
 ' Will change to deform'd Sorrows, and reclaim
 ' The Soul, from an Amazement of its Guilt.
 ' To speak more plainly, if the gracious Richard
 ' Is now dethron'd, and shamefully depos'd,
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and Infidels,
 And in the Seat of Peace, tumultuous War
 ' Shall stalk all dreadful, with gigantic Stride;
 ' And o'er the Flower-deck'd Carpet of this Land,
 ' Shall Desolation sweep her baleful Train.'

Northumb. Well have you argu'd, Sir, and for your Pains,
 Of capital Treason we arrest you here:
 My Lord of Westminster, be it your Charge,
 To keep him safely 'till his Day of Trial.
 May it please you Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?

Bolingb. Fetch hither Richard, that in common View
 He may surrender; so shall we proceed
 Without Suspicion. ———

—————*York.* I will be his Conduct.

SCENE III.

Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Salisbury, Bishop of Carlisle, Northumberland,
 Percy, Abbot of Westminster, Fitzwater, &c.

Bolingb. Lords, you that are here under our arrest,
 Procure your Sureties for your Days of Answer:
 Little are we beholden to your Love,

' And Obligations came not from your Hands:
 ' But be it as it haps; we want not Friends
 ' To aid our Cause; perhaps the Time may come,
 ' When yours will not so strongly be supported.

SCENE IV.

Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Salisbury, Fitzwater, Percy,
 Carlisle, &c. King Richard, conducted by the Duke of York, &c.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a King,
 Before I have shook off the regal Thoughts
 Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd

T' insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my Knee :
 Give Sorrow leave a-while to tutor me
 To this Submission; yet I well remember
 The Favours of these Men: Were they not mine?
 Did they not sometimes cry all hail to me?
 Damn'd, damn'd Dissemblers——but I will be calm.
 To do what Office am I sent for hither?

York. To do that Office of thine own good Will,
 Which tired Majesty did make thee offer :
 The Resignation of thy State and Crown.

King Rich. Give me the Crown; here Cousin seize the Crown;
 Here on this Side my Hand, on that Side thine :
 Now mark me how I will undo myself :
 I give this heavy Weight from off my Head,
 And this unweildy Sceptre from my Hand,
 The Pride of kingly Sway from out my Heart;
 With mine own Tears I wash away my Balm,
 With mine own Hands I give away my Crown,
 With mine own Tongue deny my sacred State,
 With mine own Breath release all duteous Oaths;
 All Pomp and Majesty I do forswear:
 What more remains?

Northumb. No more but that you read
 These Accusations, and these grievous Crimes
 Committed by your Person, and your Followers,
 Against the State and Profit of this Land;
 That by confessing them, the Souls of Men
 May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? And must I ravel out
 My weav'd-up Follies? Oh Northumberland!
 If thy Offences were upon Record,
 Wou'd it not shame thee in so fair a Troop,
 To read a Lecture of them? If thou wou'd'st,
 There shou'd'st thou find one heinous Article,
 Containing the deposing of a King,
 And cracking the strong Warrant of an Oath,
 Mark'd with a Blot damn'd in the Book of Heaven.

Northumb. My Lord, dispatch; read o'er these Articles.

K. Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Tears: I cannot see
 And yet salt Water blinds them not so much,
 But they can see a Sort of Traitors here.
 Nay, if I turn mine Eyes upon myself,
 I find myself a Traitor with the Rest;
 For I have given here my Soul's Consent,
 To undeck the pompous Body of a King;
 Made Glory base, a Sovereign a Slave;
 Proud Majesty a Subject; State a Peasant.

36 KING RICHARD II.

Northumb. My Lord. ———

——— *K. Rich.* No Lord of thine, insulting Man;
Nor no Man's Lord: I have no Name, no Title;
But 'tis usurp'd: Alas the heavy Day,
That I have worn so many Winters out,
(‘ Winters of Joy, and Youth bred Jollity’)
And know not now what Name to call myself.
Oh! that I were a mockery King of Snow,
Standing before the Sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in Water Drops.
Ah, if my Word be Sterling yet in England,
Let it command a Mirror hither streight,
That it may shew me what a Face I have,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Majesty.

Bolingb. Go some of you and fetch a Looking-glass.

Northumb. Read o'er this Paper while the Glass doth come.

K. Rich. Friend, thou torment'st me, 'ere I come to Hell.

Bolingb. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

Northumb. The Commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very Book indeed,
Where all my Sins are writ, and that's myself.

Here an attendant enters with a Glass.

Give me that Glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper Wrinkles yet? Hath Sorrow struck
So many Blows upon this Face of mine
And made no deeper Wounds? Oh, flatt'ring Glass!
Like to my Followers in Prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this Face, the Face
That every Day under his Household roof
Did keep ten thousand Men? Was this the Face,
That like the Sun did make Beholders wink?
How soon my Sorrow hath destroy'd my Face!

Bolingb. The Shadow of your Sorrow hath destroy'd
The Shadow of your Face. ———

K. Rich. ——— Say that again,

The Shadow of my Sorrow! — ha, let's see,
'Tis very true, my Grief lies all within,
And these external Manners of Laments
Are merely Shadows to the unseen Grief,
That Swells with Silence in the tortur'd Soul.
There lies the Substance: And I thank thee King,
For thy great Bounty, that not only gives
Me Cause to wail, but teachest me the Way
How to lament the Cause. I'll beg one Boon,

And

And then begone, and trouble you no more.

Shall I obtain it? —

Bolingb. ——— Name it fair Cousin.

K. Rich. Fair Cousin! I am greater than a King:
For when I was a King my Flatterers
Were then but Subjects; being now a Subject,
I have a King here to my Flatterer:
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Bolingb. Yet ask. ———

K. Rich. ——— And shall I have? ———

Bolingb. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me Leave to go.

Bolingb. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your Sight.

Bolingb. 'Convey him to the Tower,
'Till we have fix'd his Place of Residence.

K. Rich. 'Thanks Mighty King — indeed I am not us'd
'To the obsequious bending of the Knee
'Or I wou'd better thank you: Some are here,
'Who better have been taught the Trade of Courts,
'Or I had never been the Wretch I am!
'Cousin Aumerle — good-natur'd Youth, he weeps:
'York — mighty York weeps too: I'm something yet;
'For I am mourn'd for in no common Streams.
'Cousin you need not look with jealous Eyes;
'You have my Land, and may it thrive with you.
'Whate'er be your Deserts — and in Return,
'A little Spot, I hope in a short Time,
'Will serve for my Dominion — this, good Cousin,
'I know you will with Willingness bestow.
'Come, who conducts me? Ye assembled Peers,
'Mock not the Sighs of Kings, for Heaven itself
'Is injur'd there; its Thunder-sending Rage,
'Perhaps may shake those guilty Battlements,
'Disloyal Prison to their native King.

SCENE V.

Bolingbroke, York, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Salisbury, Fitzwater, Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, &c.

Bolingb. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our Coronation: Lords prepare yourselves.

SCENE VI.

Aumerle, Salisbury, Bishop of Carlisle, and Abbot of Westminster.

A. of Westm. A woeful Pageant have we here beheld.

B. of Carl. The Woe's to come, and Children yet unborn
Shall feel this Day. 'My Lord, has speechless Sorrow
'Stopt the articulate Organs of your Voice?

'That

38 KING RICHARD II.

‘ That these fond Tears disgrace the Soldier’s Eye,
‘ And only move in silent Eloquence ?

Aum. ‘ Burst, burst, my Heart !

B. of Carl. Out with it my Lord.

Aum. ‘ I wou’d do more than speak.

Salisb. ‘ And I wou’d urge a nobler Rhetorick.

Aum. ‘ What wou’d you do ? Wou’d you do more than I ?

‘ Wou’d you sluice every Nerve, ’till reeking Blood

‘ Dy’d the fair Carpet of the fighting Field ?

‘ Or wou’d you clasp the Honour-raised Sword,

‘ ’Till every honest Sinew was unstrung,

‘ And every Vein did lack its sanguine Tide,

‘ By pouring forth the gen’rous Streams they own’d ?

‘ I wou’d do this, and more ; die, bravely die ;

‘ For what is it to live, when we must lose

‘ The first and noblest Charter of our Beings,

‘ Our Liberty : If Chains bind not our Bodies,

‘ Black Slavery will drag our inward Souls,

‘ And Hope will call us with the Voice of Freedom,

‘ To strange Attempts——And warm, oh ! greatly warm

‘ The Virtue-bolden’d Heart, the Patriot Breast,

‘ To thoughts that claim our Observation well ;

‘ The Voice of Heaven, and the Call of Man ;

‘ An injur’d Monarch, and a bleeding Country.

B. of Carl. ‘ Now by the Reverence of these holy Robes,

‘ Thy Heart’s good Zeal, thou brave young Man, transports me ;

‘ Speak boldly out ; we are the Friends of Richard.

Salisb. In right good Truth, by every holy Tie,

‘ By yon Sky-curtain’d Heaven my Soul reveres,

‘ And by thy gallant Spirit, here I swear,

‘ To fight or die in royal Richard’s Cause.

A. of Westm. ‘ Nor doubt you me : The Heaven-wasted Prayer,

‘ The Grace rob’d Zeal, the Fervour of Devotion,

‘ And the uplifted Hands, are rais’d for Richard ;

‘ And ’tis the sacred Duty of my Function,

‘ To wish, where Loyalty and Duty kifs,

‘ And pray for those high Heaven ordain’d our Rulers.

Aum. ‘ In sooth, my Lords, this honest Zeal transports me !

‘ And makes me turn the Channels of my Tears,

‘ From clamorous Grief, to soul-commanding Joy ;

‘ Oh reverenc’d Carlisle ! Oh sacred Westminster !

‘ Doubt not this comes from heaven-directed Hearts,

‘ And will in Time do Honour to your Function.

‘ For you my Lord, who boldly can refuse

[To Salisbury.

‘ Corruption’s offer’d Hand ; the Bribe of Power :

‘ If ought succeeds, high Heaven will join Applause,

‘ With the firm Offers of a grateful People.

Salisb.

Salisb. ' The Merits of our Cause is our Reward.

Carl. ' It is the Sword of Justice you wou'd raise,

' And the fair Shield of Virtue will protect you;

' The Wifh of all good Men, and Aid of Heaven.

Aum. ' Who is this Bolingbroke, that boldly strides,

' With Stalk gigantic o'er a fearful Land,

' And rudely tears the Crown from weeping Justice?

' Say, Richard dead; is he our England's Heir?

' Lives not the Earl of March, ———

' Nearer in Blood and nature-claiming Ties?

' Ah! why old York; my lately reverenc'd Father

' Ah! why art thou miss'd? Why won too soon

' To reverence Rebellion's Harlot-brow,

' And hug the Traitor that supports her Pride,

' And leads her forth all gorgeous in her Crimes,

' Boldly to blush in weeping Fields of Blood?

A. of Westm. ' True, true; excellent true! but yet thy Father

' Perhaps at last may win thee to his Party.

' What then becomes of us, shou'd we discover

' Our inward Thoughts? Thy Honour then will call

' For the Discovery of our Intentions,

' Against the State of an acknowledg'd Master.

Aum. ' Away! oh, urge me not to misbecoming Rage!

' To doubt my Truth, is to dispute my Honour,

' Which claims, oh Priest, as fair a View as thine.

B. of Carl. ' Forgive him, gentle Youth; he means you well,

' And bears you from his Heart right true Esteem:

' With holy Zeal he loves you; at your Years

' Firm Virtue seldom, ah! too seldom fits

' In an unshaken Throne: Pleasures and Honour,

' The Pomp of Greatness, and the Smile of Kings,

' Ambition's Glow, and Soul-exalting Pride,

' Will often shake fair Virtue's trembling Seat,

' And make her Nod, dependant on Man's Weakness;

' That thou art not this fickle Thing I mention,

' Thy Actions, and thy Spirit well confirm:

' Go on, go on, thou fame-aspiring Youth.

' Mount on fair Honour's laurel-crowned Hill,

' And snatch the blooming Palm that Virtue claims.

A. of Westm. ' My Lord Carlisle, has spoke my Heart's true meaning,

' For by the bright Beams of yon burnish'd Sun

' By Honour and fair Truth, I much esteem you:

' And wou'd you listen with attentive Ear,

' Perhaps To-night, I cou'd a Tale unfold,

' That may demand thy Soul's right just Regard.

Aum. ' Speak on, Oh, ever reverenc'd Westminster!

' Impart

• Impart this Secret of thy swelling Soul,
 • And if it ought imports the Good of Richard,
 • I'll clasp thee to my Bosom like a Bride,
 • And love thee with a more than Mother's Fondness,
 • Who folds her smiling Darling in her Arms;
 • If this is all too little, I'll adore thee,
 • And kneeling worship thy Age-silver'd Hairs.

B. of Carl. • Succeeding Ages, and Fame's loud ton'd Trump,
 • Shall speak thy Wisdom, holy Westminster:
 • Millions shall pay their humble Bendings to thee,
 • Thou great Deliverer of a ruin'd Land.

Salisb. • But half the Lustre of the Warrior's Praise
 • The Warrior shall boast; the better Part
 • Shall place the fair Success to thy Deservings.

A. of Westm. • My Lords, my Lords, you honour me too much.
 • In right good Sooth I ask not outward Praise;
 • The Act of Virtue is its own Reward.
 • But come, this Place befits not well our Subject:
 • You are my Prisoners, Lords; go Home with me:
 • I deem my Lords, your Ears and Hearts are open,
 • And wait relieving most impatiently.

Aum. • Lead on, lead on, Oh, Richard! if true Hearts,
 • Firm in Regard and zealous Loyalty
 • Can serve thy Cause, may Heaven with joint Alliance,
 • Smile forth Success; and with an out-stretch'd Arm,
 • Direct War-frighted Triumph where to fix.
 • I know the Dukes of Exeter and Surry,
 • The Lord of Glo'ster, and Sir Thomas Blunt
 • Will join with us: Each true born Englishman
 • I hope, will feel the Virtue warmed Glow,
 • Returning Duty gives: We'll first act secret,
 • 'Till rising Numbers swell our loyal Troops.
 • The King shall find in Storm-rock'd Times like these,
 • 'Tis not the hoarded Wealth or shining Gold
 • Torn from the tortur'd Bowels of the Earth;
 • Or Diamonds beaming in a secret Cell;
 A Jewel in a ten Times barr'd up Chest,
 Is a bold Spirit in a loyal Breast.

The End of the fourth Act.

ACT

KING RICHARD II. 41

ACT the Fifth, SCENE the First.

Before the Tower.

Queen, Emilia, Ladies, &c.

Queen, speaking as entering.

‘LET my Attendants wait. This is the Front
Of Julius Cæsar’s ill-erected Tower,
To whose flint Bosom my condemned Lord;
Is doom’d a Prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.

‘Here let us wait, nor vainly ask Admittance:
‘Till now, where’er I came the Doors flew open,
‘And every Face with Smile-rob’d Joy receiv’d me:
‘Alas, how fallen now! no more a Queen;
‘No more the State of Plumè-crown’d Majesty
‘Extracts strange Fear, and foolish Adoration,
‘From Wealth-careless, Folly-guided Men;
‘They view us now as Heaven-dependent Beings,
‘And mock the idle Worship paid before.

Emilia. ‘Lo, where the King approaches: Royal Madam,
‘Now call your Spirits, and appear the Queen.

Queen. Soft, soft, and look, or rather do not see,
My fair Rose wither; yet look up, behold,
That you in Pity may dissolve to Dew,
And wash him fresh again with true Love Tears.

SCENE II.

Queen, Emilia, Ladies. — King, Officers and Guards.

K. Rich. ‘What Heaven-erected Fantom greets my Sight!
‘And cheers my Eyes in Isabella’s Form!
‘Or am I not deceiv’d? Do not my Tears
‘Obscure the Light-struck Passage of my Sight;
‘And is it she herself forgets her State,
‘And in the Height of Love-instructed Goodness,
‘Mixes with the base Croud that gathers round me,
‘To take her last Leave of a fallen King?

Queen. ‘And must it be our last long Leave my Lord?
‘Are there no Hopes in Heaven, or Earth, to aid us?
‘My Lord, my much lov’d Lord, assume yourself,
‘And let not envious Men perceive you fallen:
That which in mean Men we entitle Patience,
Is tame, cold Cowardice in royal Breasts:
‘England may make her sleeping Lion roar,
‘And France may answer to the noble Call,
‘Vengeance may smile and rear her awful Head,

G

‘And

• And every English Heart that beats for Virtue,
 • And glows in Loyalty, will aid thy Cause.
K. Rich. ' Say'st thou, my Love? Ah! let not flatt'ring Thoughts,
 • Nor the curst Voice of faithless Men mislead thee:
 • 'Twas Flattery has undone me: I was taught
 • To think myself above the Power of Man,
 • And fool'd my Mind with Pride exciting Thoughts:
 • I've done with them: I am sworn Brother, Sweet,
 To grim Necessity; and he and I
 Will keep a League 'till Death; ' for I now find,
 • That Heaven's anointed Deputy may fall;
 • The savage Arm of Murder can destroy him;
 • The Scene of outward Pain can wring his Soul,
 • And Man, mere Man, can tear the golden Crown
 • From off his Head, and cast him from the Seat
 • Of injur'd Majesty: False cozening Hope!
 • I'll none of thee, since these Things can be done.

Queen. How, is my Richard both in Shape and Mind
 Transform'd and weak? Hath Bolingbroke depos'd
 Thine Intellect? Hath he been in thy Heart?
 The Lion dying thrusteth forth his Paw,
 And wounds the Earth, if nothing else, with Rage
 To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, Pupil like,
 Take the Correction mildly, kiss the Rod,
 And fawn on Rage with base Humility?

K. Rich. ' I have too long, my gentle Isabella,
 • Embrac'd the Thoughts of Pride-struck Arrogance;
 • High as my State my Mind: To Man I trusted,
 • And faithless Man betray'd me! do not weep;
 • But in the bitterness of Heart I swear!
 • By the Soul wringing Anguish I endure!
 • I'll trust to Man no more; my Hopes are Heaven;
 • And if that fails to fight my Wrongs on Earth,
 • A little Time will level all the Pomp
 • Of purple Majesty, with lowly Dust,
 • While the freed Soul disdains the Bonds she wore;
 • And then a Crown more glorious far than this,
 • Will circle round the Brow of Woe-kill'd Richard.

Queen. ' But what my Lord, ah! what must I endure!
 • Say, must I sooth and flatter this bad Man?
 • And humbly sue for Passage into France?
 • Where Joy disdains to wait on my Arrival,
 • And weeping Grief in sable Pomp receives me?
 • My Father and my Country, pity me,
 • And sure to merit Pity, is to know——

• My

My Tongue detests the Knowledge of my Heart,
And will not give it painful Utterance.

K. Rich. Heart-moving softness — thou dostress me!

Queen. 'Tho' France wou'd meet me with kind Looks, and try
To sooth my Grief, for my lost Lord and Kingdom;
But 'twill not be; some Heaven-devoted Cell,
Perhaps may shroud thy ever faithful Queen
From the World's Eye — and there alone I'll fix
On Heaven, and thee, dear Image of my Thoughts,
'Till Death, stern Conqueror! grows compassionate,
Heals every Pain, and seals eternal Rest.

K. Rich. 'Thou Heaven-sent Miracle of human Virtue,
Come to my Arms, and let me fold thee there,
And soften thee to Rest —

Queen. ——— It will not be!
The painful Thought that we must part, will kill
The Pleasure I have known in these lov'd Arms,
And steal each Transport from the soft Embrace, —
These cruel, cruel Men, have sworn to part us. [*Looking wildly.*]

K. Rich. 'Am I not wretched now, ye righteous Heavens!
Have not the Measure of my Woes their full?
Will not the rough Storms break my swelling Heart?
Or the proud Waves that beat around my Head,
And press me with each rising Billow down,
Sink me at last unto the peaceful Bottom,
Where I may reach the golden Sands of Rest?

Queen. 'Yet speak of Comfort, hail Heart-cheering Hope
Thou Partner of my Soul. ———

K. Rich. ——— I have my Love,
Where all Things are forgotten there is Rest,
Where Pomp and Riches are no Blessings deem'd,
Where Slaves and Monarchs own Equality:
The purpled Ruler, and the base-born Hind
Sleep kindly on, nor envied, nor despised;
With equal Hopes at the last Call they rise,
And one eternal Judge determines all.

SCENE III.

King Richard, Queen, Emilia, Ladies, &c. Northumberland.

Northumb. 'My Lord I come from royal Bolingbroke,
To charge the Weakness of this long Delay.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou Ladder where-withal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my Throne,
The Time shall not be many Hours of Age
More than it is, 'ere foul Sin gathering Head,
Shall break into Corruption; thou shalt think,
'Tho' he divide the Realm and give thee Half

It were too little ; helping him to all :
 And he shall think that thou which know'st the Way
 To plant unrightful Kings, wilt know again,
 Being ne'er so little urg'd, another Way
 To pluck him headlong from the usurp'd Throne;
 The Love of wicked Friends converts to Fear;
 That Fear to Hate, and Hate turns one or both,
 To worthy Danger, and deserved Death.

Northumb. ' My Guilt be on my Head; my royal Lord
 Take Leave and part, for such my Orders are.

' As for the Queen she'll speedily to France.

Queen. ' Part said you, part; it must not, cannot be!
 Banish us both, and send the King with me:

' France, royal France, will pity and receive us;

' If in the present Rage of his Distemper

' He knows his hapless Child; he'll greet with Fondness,

' The late familiar Face of Isabella,

Northumb. That Madam were but little Policy,

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd? bad Men, ye violate
 A two-fold Marriage, 'twixt my Crown and me;
 And then betwixt me and my married Wife.

' Say Love, will not Remembrance fade in thee?

' Will not the Hand of Pleasure lead thee forth

' To the Forgetfulness of Love and Richard?

Queen. ' Oh! never, never, by yon Heaven I swear,
 ' (That beams too bright for a black Day like this)

' To know no second Lord, to banish hence.

' The Thought of my sweet Prince: Oh! cruel Men!

' They look with Eyes of Malice on our Stay,

' And envy even the bitter Rains of parting.

K. Rich. Let me unloose the Oath that made us one.

Queen. ' Again I'll seal it, for the Bond shall last

' When Richard is no more, ———

K. Rich. ——— Part us Northumberland,

' Oh! tear her from my Arms, not from my Heart,

' That she by Force will bear away with her.

' Oh! let me say Farewell; if it does kill me,

' I'll thank sweet Heaven, and own the Deed were good.

' My Love, my Isabella, has black Grief

' Choak'd up the tuneless Organs of thy Voice?

' Can'st thou not bid thy parting Lord farewell?

' Why I must say it for thee then ——— farewell!

' For I but stay on bad Men's Courtship.

' Ah! see she swoons ——— help to support her.

Northumb. ' Now is the better Time to part my Lord,

K. Rich. ' Cruel Northumberland, I will obey thee.

Oh! comfort her, restore her, save her Life,

' Whate'er

- What e'er becomes of an unhappy King.
- Farewell sweet Love, farewell ——— one parting Kiss ———
- ——— 'Tis over now ——— Crown, Empire, Life, and Love;
- I give up all ——— come sable Woe, assume
- Thy Right in Richard's Breast, thy Thorn-deck'd Throne,
- Adieu to all!
- Ye Pitiers, or ye followers of my Fortune;
- My Tongue pronounces it's eternal Leave,
- And my Heart swells to bid it's last Farewell,
- Sorrow has Choak'd my Voice ——— I can no more ———
- ——— Command the Guards lead on ———

SCENE IV.

Queen, Northumberland, Emilia, Ladies.

Emilia. Lo, where the Rose ting'd Blushen glow again,

- And speak returning Life: Where must we take her?

Northumb. 'I've Orders to conduct her to the Palace,

- Till we have settled with the King her Father

For her Return to France. ———

Queen. ——— What says my Lord?

- Oh! speak, speak, speak and cheer me!

• Not all the Power of Bolingbroke shall part us:

- Ah! is he gone! oh, cruel, cruel Men!

• Why did you force him from me? why deny

- His last adieu? was that too much to grant?

• The Time may come, thou too ungentle Lord,

- When you may want that Pity you deny'd us.

Northumb. 'I thought 'twere best to part insensibly,

- And therefore did advise the King to leave you.

• But Madam, I have Orders from Lord Bolingbroke,

- To lead you to the Palace, 'till we hear

• From France, or pitch upon your Residence.

Queen. 'I care not where ——— tis all indifferent to me,

- So Bolingbroke will never blast my Eyes;

• With his all hateful Presence ——— oh! hold my Heart,

- Support thyself in this strong Hour of Sorrow,

• My Eyes have drain'd their briny Sluices dry;

- I cannot weep; but greatest is the Woe,

• That mocks the Aid of outward Exclamations,

- And bears the Sense of Anguish in the Heart.

SCENE V. The Palace.

Duke and Duchess of York.

D. of York. My Lord you told me you would tell the rest

- Of that sad Tale you told at my Arrival,

When weeping made you break into the Story

- Of our two Cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave? ———

D. of York.

D. of York. ——— At that sad Stop my Lord,
Where rude mis-govern'd Hands from Window Tops,
Threw Dust and Rubbish on King Richard's Head.

York. Then as I said the Duke great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery Steed,
Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately Pace kept on his Course;
While all Tongues cry'd, God save thee Bolingbroke.
You would have thought the very Windows spake,
So many greedy Looks of old and young,
Thro Casements darted their desiring Eyes
Upon his Visage; and that all the Walls
With painted Imag'ry had said at once,
Jesu preserve thee, welcome Bolingbroke.
Whilst he from one Side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud Steed's Neck,
Bespoke 'em thus; I thank you Country-men;
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

D. of York. Alas poor Richard! where rides he the while?

York. As in a Theatre the Eyes of Men,
After some well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idly bent on him that follows next,
Thinking his Prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more Contempt, Men's Eyes
Did scowl on Richard, no Man cry'd, God save him:
No joyful Tongue gave him his Welcome Home;
But Dust was thrown upon his sacred Head,
Which with such gentle Sorrow he shook off
His Face, still combating with Tears and Smiles,
The woeful Badges of his Grief and Patience;
That had not Heaven for some Purpose steel'd
The Hearts of Men, they must perforce have melted,
And Barbarism itself had pitied him.
But Heaven hath a Hand in these Events,
To whose high Will we bound our calm Regards.
To Bolingbroke we are sworn Subjects now.

D. of York. Here comes my Son Aumerle.

SCENE VI.

Duke and Dutcheſs of York, Aumerle.

York. ——— Aumerle that was,
But Madam you must call him Rutland now;
For that is lost in being Richard's Friend.
I am in Parliament his Pledge of Truth,
And lasting Fealty in the new made King.

D. of York. Welcome my Son, who are the Violets now,
That strew the green Lap of the new-come Spring?

Aum.

Aum. Madam I know not, nor I greatly care;
Heaven knows I had as lief be none as one,
'Tis best in Youth to ween our Minds from Pleasure,
And learn to scorn that Greatness when unearn'd,
By gallant Actions, the Reward of Virtue.

York. Well, bear you well in this new Spring of Time,
Least you be cropt before those Actions shoot,
And the young Buds unfold their secret Bloom.
What News from Oxford, hold these Jufts and Triumphs?

Aum. For ought I know they do.

York. ——— You will be there?

Aum. If Heaven prevents me not, I purpose so.

York. What Seal is that that hangs without thy Bosom?
Ha! look'st thou pale? let me see the Writing.

Aum. My Lord 'tis Nothing.

York. No Matter then who sees it.
I will be satisfied, let me see the Writing.

Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a Matter of small Consequence,
Which for some Reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some Reasons, Sir, I mean to see;
I fear, I fear! ———

D. of York. ——— What shouldst thou fear my Lord?

Aum. ' I do beseech you pardon me my Lord,
' And let mine Honour rest on your Belief;
' It is no Stain to blot the fair Regard
' My Name has bore; beseech you pardon me,
' For what gives you Offence, in sooth my Lord,
' Adds Weight to every Pain that settles here.
' I'll see you Sir at Oxford, you will there
' Perceive the fair Content the Bond contains,
' I hope no Blemish on the Name of York;
' By Heaven I would support its right good Fame,
' And sign the Bond of Honour with my Blood

York. ' Now by that Heaven you swear by, I will see it;
' I will thou rash young Man, be satisfied. [Snatches it and reads]
Treason! foul Treason! Villain! Traitor! Slave!

D. of York. My gentle Lord, you fright me into Terror.

York. Heaven for his Mercy! what Treachery is here?
' By my fair Fame, my Honour and my Life,
I will appeach the Villain ———

D. of York. ——— Patience good my Lord.

' My gentle Son, what dire Occasion calls
' This home-bred Feud? ———

Aum. ——— ' Madam you'll know too soon,
It is no more than my poor Life must answer.

D. of York.

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D. of York. Thy Life answer. ———

York. ——— I'll to the King.

D. of York. Why York what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the Trespasts of thine own?

Have we more Sons? or are we like to have?

And wilt thou pluck my fair Son from mine Age.

And rob me of a happy Mother's Name?

Is he not like thee? Is he not thine own?

York. Wilt thou conceal this dark Conspiracy?

A Dozen of 'em here have ta'en the Sacrament;

And interchangeably have set their Hands

To kill the King at Oxford. Am I not

' His Surety? His Pledge of loyal Truth?

' Is not his Crime, my Crime? May not my Head,

' Spite of the Reverence of these Silver Hairs,

' Be cut off by the sharpen'd Axe of Justice?

' Away! no more; by Heaven, unduteous Boy!

' Thy Life shall answer it: But let that rest

' On the King's Mercy. ———

D. of York. ——— ' Oh! If thou had'st lov'd him,

As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful:

But now I know thy Mind; thou dost suspect

That I have been disloyal to thy Bed:

Good York, sweet Husband, be not of that Mind:

' By Heaven, he owns thy gracious Semblance York,

' Unlike to me, or mine; and yet I love him.

Aum. ' Beseech you Madam, cease to pity me;

' Nor envy me the Praise of this good Act.

' Far be it from my ever duteous Heart

' To act such Deeds as touch my Father's Life:

' Richard esteems you yet; and had forgot

' (Forgive me) your too partial Zeal for Bolingbroke:

' And had we fail'd not Bolingbroke had laid

' My Errors on the hoary Head of York.

' My Life had fully satisfied his Fury,

' And may it now. But oh! my gracious Lord,

' I joy in Death to serve the Man I love:

' But if you think Harry will grant me Mercy,

' Revenge yourself, your King's, and Country's Wrongs,

' Take this good Sword and sheath it in my Breast,

' And act as wou'd become a Roman Father.

' But lo, he comes. ———

D. of York. ——— Speak first, my gentle Son,

' Sorrow and mingled Rage has stopt the Tongue

' Of thy afflicted Father, yet he loves thee.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Duke and Dutcheſs of York, Aumerle, and Bolingbroke.

Bolingb. ' Well, Uncle York; do we ſet out for Oxford?

York. ' Never my Liege.

Bolingb. ' In Tears! confus'd! good Madam, gentle Couſin,

' Unravel this ſtrange Hiſtory of Fate?

Aum. (Kneels.) ' Then lo, I ſpeak, and judge me thou O King,
' Ordain'd the ſacred Deputy of Heaven.

' You ſee before you your moſt mortal Foe;

' I am an open Traitor to thy State;

' And as I know the mighty Vengeance due,

' I hardly can preſume to aſk for Pardon.

York. ' Peruſe this Paper, King; and then perceive

' If I can aſk his Pardon, tho' my Son:

' I cannot aſk it; do as beſt beſeems

' Thy Heart, O King ———

D. of York. ——— My ever gracious Couſin,

' Speaks he the Heart-felt Language of the Soul?

' Fain he would aſk, but Honour ſtops his Tongue.

' Look how his Eyes ſwim, over-power'd with Tears,

' Which he wou'd ſhed, but that he weeps in Error,

' Tho' he laments a Child! My royal Nephew,

' A Woman aſks where pleading Nature calls,

' Tho' rigid Honour frowns at the Requeſt;

' 'Tis a lov'd Son, the Life in whom I live;

' Oh pardon him, and glad a Mother's Heart!

' Grant me his Life; and grant my firſt Requeſt,

' Elſe let my Knees grow here, nor ever riſe,

' 'Till Nature claims the ſweet Regard of Mercy.

York. ' I cannot join her; tho' I cannot help

' Theſe Tears, that play fond Beggars to his Cauſe:

' Strange Advocates! that move againſt my Will.

Bolingb. O heinous, ſtrong, and bold Conſpiracy!

O loyal Father of a treacherous Son!

Thou clear, immaculate, and ſilver Fountain,

From whence this Stream, thro' muddy Paſſages,

Hath had its Current, and deſil'd himſelf.

Thy Overflow of good converts to bad,

And thine abundant Goodneſs, ſhall excuſe

This deadly Blot in thy digreſſing Son.

' Riſe up good Madam, and my dangerous Couſin,

' And meet Forgiveness from the Breſt of Harry.

D. of York. ' A God on Earth thou art:

' The ſacred Dew of Mercy, ſhed from Heaven,

' Lights on thy Hand to ſcatter on Mankind.

Bolingb. But for our truſty Brother in Law the Abbot,

With all the rest of that consort'd Crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the Heels.

Good Uncle, help to order several Powers
To Oxford, or where'er these Traitors are.

' I'll save Carlisle in Honour to his Function;

' But for the rest——what blunt Intruder's here?

SCENE VII.

Bolingbroke, York, Aumerle, Dutchess of York, &c. Exton.

Exton. ' Behold, O King, at thy right royal Feet,

' The faithfullest of all thy Servants kneels:

' Richard, thy greatest Foe, now sleeps in Peace.

Bolingb. How! Richard dead! you do amaze us *Exton.*

Exton. ' Open these Doors —— Now my Heart-served Lord,
' Behold the Cause of thy late Fear is past.

The back Scene opens, and discovers King Richard in an open Coffin, &c.

Bolingb. ' By what Authority have you done this?

Exton. ' Pardon me my good Liege.' —— I heard you say,
Will no Man rid me of this living Fear:

' From this, the Zeal I bore your Majesty

' Bid me effect it.

' I kill'd him with a sturdy Battle Axe:

' Three of my Men he slew; I needs must own

' In his good Right he did as Kings shou'd do,

' And in this Action better'd all his Life.

York. Alas poor Richard.

[Weeps.]

Aum. —— ' Good your Majesty,

' Allow me but this last Respect I pay,

' And these few Pity-claiming Tears I shed.

[Goes and leans upon the Coffin.]

Bolingb. ' Your Will be yours; nay even for my own Part

' I can but weep to see high Majesty

' So much debas'd by an unprincely Hand;

' Therefore, oh! Exton, for this bloody Act,

' I banish thee for ever from our Presence;

' Far from the Limits of our royal Court

' Be absent; and believe they love not Poison,

' Who do require the Soul-appeasing Draught.

' Begone, without Reply! and you our Guard,

' See that our royal Orders are obey'd. [Exton is taken off.]

SCENE IX.

Bolingbroke, York, Aumerle, &c. — Queen, Emilia, Ladies.

Queen. ' Where is the fallen Majesty of England?

' Speak? tell me where, thou mightiest of all Victors?

' Thou Conqueror of Kings! oh shew me to him,

' That my poor Heart may break at the lov'd Sight,

' And be no more obliged to Bolingbroke.

' Ah!

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- Ah! is that him! be still, be still my Soul—
 • Yes, it is he! it is my murder'd Lord!
Bolingb. Far be this Deed, oh gracious Queen from me;
 • The mighty Conqueror will weep at this,
 • And join thy Tears, all desolate of Heart.
Queen. Away, begone, nor mock me thus thou false one,
 • If thou wouldst weep—be it with Tears of Joy.
 • With mighty Wonder see thy Blood-rob'd State;
 • And bless the Devastation thou hast made.
York, and D. of York. Good Madam be appeas'd.
Queen. ——— York too was false!
 • But who can trace the wily Arts of Man?
 • Do not disturb me Madam, let me view
 • The dear Remains of the most lov'd of Men,
 • 'Till my Heart cracks and Mists o'ercloud my Eyes,
 • And veil me from the agonizing Gaze!
 [After looking for some Time]
 • Look! look Emilia! gentle Ladies look!
 • Opes not the ruby Portal of his Lips
 • As he would speak! what wouldst thou, say thou dear one?
 • Look how the glassy Orbits of his Eyes
 • Are fix'd on mine? he frightens me Emilia!
 • And now he frowns! what have I done my Lord?
 • Do you not know me? am I not thy Wife?
 • Thy faithful wedded Wife? then who shall part us?
Emilia. My royal Lady, you distress yourself.
Queen. I will not join with Bolingbroke against thee.
 • Here's royal Blood! who has done this my Richard?
 • Tell me, that I may weep before high Heaven,
 • And stir the everlasting Powers to Vengeance.
Bolingb. Take her from the Body lest she turn
 • From extream Sorrow to strange Lunacy.
 • Madam believe the royal Richard's Murderer
 • Has had due Vengeance; I have banish'd him.
Queen. Then wherefore art thou here if thou art banish'd?
 • Who hast thou banish'd?
Bolingb. ——— The murderer of Richard.
Queen. Thou art, oh Bolingbroke, his Murderer.
 • See, look, he wou'd confess it! all these Stains
 • Are thine, and cry to injur'd Heaven against thee:
 • A little Time, and this misjudging Land,
 • May join with Heaven in Vengeance for my Lord,
 • And curse thee for the Conquest thou hast made.
Emilia. Alas! my ever royal Lady, let us
 • Convey you from this Sight, it will distract you.
Queen. Any where from Bolingbroke: But say,

• Tell

- ' Tell me, oh King, what best befits thy Will?
 ' Where must thy Captive go? Is not this great,
 ' To have a suppliant Queen forego her State;
 ' And pay unusual and strange Courtesy?
Bolingb. ' Madam, chuse your own Place of Residence,
 ' 'Till we have News of what will best belike
 ' Your royal Father.

Queen. ——— ' You know me then?

- ' Indeed I thought I'd been a Beggar now.
Bolingb. ' I know you well, the Daughter of proud France,
 ' As such I tender you most due Regard;
 ' But beg that you wou'd leave this hapless Prince,
 ' Who shall receive right royal Obsequies;
 ' Ourself shall wait upon his funeral Rites,
 ' And join the pealing Anthem in his Praise.
Queen. ' Adieu, one kiss——'tis cold! it freezes me,
 ' Wou'd I cou'd wake thee with my fond Exclaims,
 ' Or the soft plaining of my dire Distress!
 ' But one Look more——and now hold—hold my Heart,
 ' Nor let thy overstrained Cordage crack,
 ' But bear me to repeat my last——Farewell.

SCENE X.

Bolingbroke, York, Aumerle, &c.

- Bolingb.* Lords, I protekt my Soul is full of Woe,
 ' And eating Melancholy preys upon me.
 ' I wou'd this Blood was not upon our Hands:
 ' As for the Traitor that has done this Deed,
 ' He did it not in due Regard to us,
 ' But for the base Reward that tempted him.
 ' Kings are but Men, and therefore Kings may err;
 ' But tho' we sometimes stoop below ourselves,
 ' As to reward debased Treachery;
 ' In them who do such Blood-stain'd Deeds transact,
 ' We curse the Villain, tho' we love the Act.
 ' The Bad may please us in the guilty Part,
 ' But the Just only share the Monarch's Heart.

F I N I S.

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